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FRENCH FINANCE.

M. MICHE CHEVALIER, who has few equals as an authority on all French financial questions, has submitted to his countrymen in the columns of the *Débats* what he considers to be a precise statement of the annual amount that must be provided for payment of interest on the national debt, when all the expenditure attributable to the late war has been taken into account. The conclusion at which he arrives is startling enough. The France of the future—that is, France after 1874—will have to provide by annual taxation for the payment of interest on debt a milliard of francs, or forty millions sterling. This is an enormous sum, and largely beyond what those who have hitherto published calculations on behalf of the Government have suggested as probable or possible. But M. CHEVALIER, under the veil of a polite suggestion that the Government published its calculations before some of the items of expenditure were known, tells his official friends that they have, consciously or unconsciously, hoodwinked the credulous French public. He himself thinks it desirable before all things that France should know the worst. He thinks that the knowledge of what she has got to bear, far from dispiriting her, will only excite her energies and develop her force. Whether, if M. CHEVALIER were now in office, he would take such a sanguine view of his countrymen, and would hold that the best thing for them is to tell them everything, must remain doubtful, as no one can say how far M. CHEVALIER, if he were an official, would be totally unlike every other French official known to Frenchmen. At any rate he has published his calculations, and his countrymen have now a full opportunity of realizing what, if he is right, lies before them. At present, however, it is not probable that they will be either encouraged or discouraged by learning that in three years the annual interest on their debt will reach a milliard. The great bulk of Frenchmen know nothing and care nothing just now about their future financial prospects. They have not as yet felt the pressure of new taxation. They think that the success of their new loan shows that they have surprising and inexhaustible resources; and they are largely animated by a secret persuasion that, by some sudden and unaccountable stroke of fortune, things in the next year or so will turn against the Prussians, and that France will escape paying the last three milliards of the indemnity. But the few reflecting Frenchmen who, like M. CHEVALIER, have no belief in sudden turns of fortune coming to the aid of vanquished nations, and who are capable of looking forward, naturally regard the question of finance as above all other questions important to their country. If it is true that France will have to pay several millions more annually than was thought probable to meet the interest of the debt, this means that new taxes to the amount of so many millions must be devised, voted, and endured. This is where the shoe pinches. The financial difficulty is a political one, or at least after a certain stage will almost necessarily become one. The primary question is not whether France could bear the burden of forty millions sterling interest on the public debt. There is very little doubt that she could bear it, not indeed without great inconvenience and suffering, but still she could bear it. The question is whether any Government that is likely to exist in the next few years can invent taxes to the requisite amount that the nation will patiently endure. It does not follow that, even if the burden of new taxation provoked dissatisfaction or revolution, France would repudiate or become bankrupt. The natural wish to keep faith with the public creditor may be so strong as to arm some Government with power sufficient to get in the necessary money. But Frenchmen who attempt to judge what is the probable future lying before them and their

children see that in the possibility of burdensome taxation leading to revolution there is a new source of danger opened before their unhappy and distracted country, and therefore it is of the utmost importance to them to examine what the total cost of their ruinous war has really been.

Before the war the interest of the public debt reached the annual figure of fourteen millions sterling and a-half. Since the war broke out there have been three new loans—that made in the last days of the Empire, the GAMBETTA loan, and the recent loan for the payment of the first portion of the German indemnity. M. CHEVALIER puts the interest on these loans at a little short of eight millions sterling. The remainder of the indemnity, if borrowed on the same terms as the last loan, will involve a further annual charge of a little over eight millions. So that sixteen millions are to be added to the fourteen and a-half of the previous debt. M. CHEVALIER also, for some reason which he does not explain, estimates that nearly three-quarters of a million will be needed as the interest on the sum due to the Eastern Railway Company. The value of the lines taken over by the Germans is to be deducted from the indemnity, and M. CHEVALIER has already reckoned the interest on the full amount of the indemnity. Probably, however, a sum equal to that which the French Government subtracts from the payment of the indemnity on account of the railways has been consumed by it for its temporary needs. Then twenty millions sterling are to be expended in aiding the sufferers by the war in the provinces; and twenty millions at least more will be needed to repair the damage done to roads and canals, to buy new stores for the army, and to make good the deficiencies in the budgets of the present year and of the next two or three years. The interest on these forty millions is put down by M. CHEVALIER at very nearly two millions and three-quarters. This, with the interest on the sum due to the Eastern Railway Company, makes three millions and a-half to be added to the thirty and a-half millions at which he had previously arrived—that is, thirty-four millions in all. But then there is to be added a sum of two millions which represents pensions and annuities granted by the State, and sums due as guarantees to Railway Companies. This is nothing new; and if it is now reckoned as part of the sum to be met yearly on account of the public debt, it ought also to have been reckoned as part of that which had to be found annually before the war; so that if France will hereafter have to meet, as M. CHEVALIER calculates, an annual charge of forty millions sterling, the increase due to the war must be reckoned at the difference between sixteen millions and a-half sterling and forty millions sterling. This is twenty-three millions and a-half sterling, and this will be the permanent burden inflicted on France for the future, on account of a war which lasted nearly as possible six months. Assuming that the sum due to the Eastern Railway Company may be properly taken twice over on account of the present pressing needs of the French Government obliging it to spend a sum equal to that due to the Railway Company, then M. CHEVALIER's figures seem to be right, unless future loans can be made on better terms than the last loan. He discusses the question whether more favourable terms are to be expected, and he urges that while there are some reasons why the terms of future loans may be expected to be more favourable, there are others why they may be expected to be less favourable, and that therefore it is safer to take the standard of the last loan than to speculate on unknown contingencies. It may be observed that M. CHEVALIER says plainly that his chief reason for feeling uncertain as to what will be the terms on which the State can borrow hereafter is that he does not feel sure that the borrowing Government will be a Government that can show itself capable of

holding down the revolutionary party. So many persons, however, think favourably of French finance that they will be inclined to impugn the calculations of M. CHEVALIER on the head of the terms of future loans. If it is to be supposed that the French Government could get out a loan twice and a half the size of the recent loan at the price at which that loan stands now, which surely is a very favourable supposition for France, the ultimate burden would be about a million sterling less. So far, therefore, as M. CHEVALIER has hitherto carried us, the public burden may be reckoned at thirty-six millions of annual payment if he is right as to the terms on which future loans can be issued, or at thirty-five millions if a much more favourable estimate on this head is adopted.

But then this is not all. The Government of France has incurred another debt in consequence of the war besides those represented in these thirty-six or thirty-five millions. It has borrowed, and still continues to borrow, enormous sums from the Bank of France. "The dictatorial Government of Tours and Bordeaux, if it can be called a Government," M. CHEVALIER says, "forced the Bank to make very large advances, in spite of the principles adopted by the Bank and the laws ruling it." The result is that the Bank, the whole capital of which is a little over seven millions sterling, is owed by the State upwards of fifty-three millions sterling, and is going to advance it eight millions more. M. THIERS, it will be remembered, proposed to pay off this sum by annual instalments spread through a series of years, which would have rendered necessary during that time additional taxation to the amount of eight millions sterling a year. M. CHEVALIER does not even notice this proposal. He takes for granted that, if the State wants to pay off its debt to the Bank, its only way of doing so will be to borrow the money; and he calculates that the interest of the money so borrowed would reach four millions sterling, thus bringing up his thirty-six millions to forty. We much wish that M. CHEVALIER had discussed more fully the position of the State and of the Bank with reference to this loan. M. THIERS stated that for the greater part of the sixty odd millions due to the Bank the State would henceforth be paying interest at only one per cent.; and even if he was wrong in thinking that France would find the money to pay off the loan in eight years, it seems as if some better management must be possible for the country than to borrow at over six per cent. to redeem a debt that only bears interest at one per cent. The larger part of the advances made by the Bank were made in the shape of a greatly increased issue of notes which were declared inconvertible into gold. But this enormous addition to the paper currency of France has been made without depreciating the value of the notes in gold. This would seem to show that there is room in France for a much larger paper currency than existed previously to the war. If this be so, it will probably not be found necessary to withdraw all the notes issued since the war in order to return to a metallic currency. So far as the authorised issue of the Bank can be permanently enlarged with safety, it will be unnecessary to borrow gold to retire the notes issued to the Government in the advances made by the Bank. A considerable sum must undoubtedly be paid in gold to the Bank, or its position would be compromised, and it would no longer have the resources it requires to facilitate the trade of the country. But until M. CHEVALIER has furnished further explanations, it certainly appears as if he had committed an error in supposing that the only thing the State has to do is to borrow over sixty millions at about six per cent. in order to place itself right with the Bank.

MR. BRUCE.

IN the latest of his apologetic speeches Mr. BRUCE truly told his Renfrewshire constituents that his office involved, even during the recess, incessant labour. Mr. CARDWELL is now relieved from the command of the army of Aldershot, Mr. LOWE can meditate at his leisure on some article more easily taxable than lucifer-matches, and Lord GRANVILLE and Lord KIMBERLEY must regard with unqualified satisfaction the tranquillity of Europe and of the English-speaking world. The HOME SECRETARY alone never slumbers but to be disturbed by appeals, by memorials, and by the details of everyday administration. If it had not been expedient to confirm the fidelity of electors to whom their member was a stranger, Mr. BRUCE would have been better employed shooting in the Highlands than explaining in a series of speeches the reasons which account for the failures of last Session. The stern and

inexorable head of the Government has already announced to his colleagues the early termination of their holidays by summoning a Cabinet Council for the third week in October. In the brief interval Mr. BRUCE might have been allowed to dream that he had regulated the beer trade to universal satisfaction; and that, if there had been any legislative shortcomings, the fault lay with the Opposition, and not with the Ministry or himself. In his earlier addresses Mr. BRUCE undertook, with more or less success, to vindicate the Cabinet from the charge of inefficiency. Being kindly reminded by a candid friend that he was himself regarded as the chief defaulter, he proceeded to explain, not without effect, that inasmuch as the whole includes a part, the inability of the Government to carry more than two or three important Bills necessarily involved the abandonment of measures promoted by special departments. It was not Mr. BRUCE's business either to construct an Army Regulation Bill or to determine the order in which the Ministerial Bills should be proposed. Mr. CARDWELL was charged with the measure which occupied the greater part of the Session, and Mr. GLADSTONE was responsible for resolving to appropriate the remainder of the Session to the passage of what he calls the people's Bill through what he calls the people's House. It might have been interesting to learn from Mr. BRUCE the reasons which converted him after a long political life to the Ballot, at the moment when openness to conviction was the most profitable of virtues; but Mr. GLADSTONE's change of opinion was equally seasonable and equally inexplicable, and perhaps it was not for Mr. BRUCE to be more scrupulous than his leader.

The excuses which are founded on the complications of Parliamentary machinery have been too readily accepted. The Standing Orders have not been altered; the character of the House of Commons is but little changed; and though it may be true that modern opinion has created new subjects of legislation, on the other hand many of the old political issues have been finally disposed of. The country would have been abundantly satisfied with the progress of business if the Session had been as usefully productive as in the days of PEEL. Mr. GLADSTONE himself had in the previous Session passed two of the most important and difficult measures which have at any time been submitted to Parliament; but in the present year his own authority was visibly diminished, and his colleagues exercised no influence over the House, and consequently the Ministerial workmen, and more especially their foreman, have during the Session and since its termination incessantly complained of their tools. Mr. GLADSTONE himself, as he cannot but have heard of the human nature which he has never studied, must suspect that the readiness of Parliament or of any other Assembly to discharge its functions smoothly depends more or less on its temper, which again is perceptibly affected by the skill and tact employed in its guidance. The Army Bill was obstructed by members on both sides of the House, with the connivance of a great majority of members. At almost any point in the discussion the statement which was afterwards made by Lord NORTHBROOK would, if it had been delivered by Mr. CARDWELL or Mr. GLADSTONE, have gone far to remove objections to the Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE himself ultimately admitted that the criticism which was pertinaciously applied to the details of the Ballot Bill had been Parliamentary, legitimate, and useful; yet he had given the Opposition just ground for irritation by inducing his followers to withdraw a hundred amendments proposed on their part, and to abstain from debating the questions raised by their opponents. The House of Commons can always suppress factious resistance when it is heartily inclined to aid the Government, and a Minister may be well assured that the House is dissatisfied when he finds that an assured majority is unable or unwilling to help him.

Mr. BRUCE's defence of himself was founded on the unwarrantable assumption that the measures which he had failed to pass were intrinsically good, and that they might have been carried if the House of Commons had not been otherwise employed; yet when he dropped a Betting Bill of minor importance he gratuitously confessed his own ignorance of the subject; and his Licensing Bill, though, as he oddly boasted, it occupied only three or four hours of the Session, has already cost the Government the loss of two boroughs and a county. It is neither impossible nor improbable that a scheme may be at the same time intrinsically good and incurably unpopular; but it is not the duty of a Minister to propose Bills which must necessarily be rejected, nor is it reasonable to attribute to the defective organization of the House of Commons a defeat which was inevitable through the obnoxious nature of the proposal. The Licensing

Bill has been but superficially discussed, though it is probably well understood by the class which it threatened with ruin. In the improbable contingency of the reintroduction of the measure, the monstrous project of putting up to periodical auction the right to exercise a lucrative and useful business will be appreciated at its proper value. If the Bill had been passed in the form in which it was introduced, no publican or licensed victualler could, after a certain time, have pursued his accustomed occupation, if it were worth the while of the local brewer to outbid him and to acquire an unqualified monopoly. In modern times assaults on vested interests are always regarded with complacency by a restless class of political and social agitators. If the publicans had been as helpless as so many curates, Mr. BRUCE might have confiscated their means of subsistence at his pleasure; but in a just cause the trade is strong enough to turn half the contested elections in the kingdom. The least which a prudent legislator could have done would have been to put his victims in the wrong before he attempted to destroy them. In the Licensing Bill scarcely a single provision was either just or expedient.

It is perhaps scarcely worth while to discuss with Mr. BRUCE the abstract question whether a House of Commons consisting of the 658 wisest and ablest men in the kingdom would form an efficient Legislative Assembly. Mr. BRUCE thinks that they would be too active and too independent, and especially that they would make too many speeches. On the other side it may perhaps be as plausibly conjectured that they would exhibit their wisdom by adapting means to ends, and by keeping silence when the attainment of their objects would be impeded by unnecessary speaking. It is not found in public or in private life that the ablest men are the most unmanageable or the most loquacious, nor are vanity and love of display characteristic appendages of wisdom. As the prospect of trying the experiment is remote, it may perhaps be allowable to wish that ten men, or three men, or one man, instead of 658, could be found with the requisite honesty and ability to check the present Government or on occasion to assist them. The leaders of the Opposition have almost abdicated their functions, and none of them command the entire confidence of the country. Mr. DISRAELI sometimes does a public service by exposing the exaggerations and eccentricities of his chief rival; but he has seldom an alternative policy to propose, nor is he genuinely attached to the institutions which are from time to time threatened by the Ministers. Mr. GLADSTONE has had the prudence to enlist Mr. LOWE on his side, as Lord PALMERSTON formerly enlisted Mr. GLADSTONE; and consequently the wildest projects and the most dangerous paradoxes are for the most part safe from exposure. The House of Commons, although the majority might still, under the dictation of the constituencies, support Mr. GLADSTONE, would gladly listen to a competent exponent of its own doubts and of its latent disapprobation. The hinted attacks of successive Ministers on Parliamentary government, or Parliamentary independence, will not tend to revive the goodwill which has been greatly impaired. The fewer speeches that are made by Ministers during the remainder of the recess, the more cordial will be their meeting with their supporters in February next. Mr. BRUCE's apology for not making any additional speeches to his constituents will be easily accepted in the rest of the kingdom, if not in Renfrewshire.

MR. FORSTER ON EDUCATION.

IN the opinion of a good many very worthy persons, Mr. FORSTER might as well hold his tongue altogether as make a speech on education and say nothing about the payment of fees in Denominational schools. With them the question of the hour is no longer how the children of the poor are to be educated, but how they are to be educated so as to ensure that no single farthing of the ratepayers' money shall go to teaching them religion. During the present autumn hardly a word has been said on any other part of the subject, and the talkers naturally resented the slight to their crotchets implied in its omission from the speech which the Vice-President of the Council made at Bradford on Monday. They will hardly be better satisfied with the treatment it did receive at his hands at Manchester on Thursday. Compulsion, says Mr. FORSTER, will ultimately be necessary throughout the country, and the partial experiments now being made in this direction are mainly useful as supplying data on which a universal scheme may be based. But it is a very delicate thing to step between a father and his child, and to say not

only that he must perform a certain duty, but that he must perform it in a particular way. If the agitators against the payment of fees in Denominational schools would only lay this doctrine to heart, they would find enough in it to occupy their minds for the remainder of the recess. They propose to compel every parent in England to send his child to school. Considering what strong prejudices will have to be surmounted in carrying out this great measure, they would, if they were wise, be careful not to create unnecessary obstacles to its acceptance. They would be content to see that the father does his duty by his child without insisting, in addition, that he shall do it in the precise fashion they themselves prefer. Instead of this they are resolved, so far as their power extends, to compel every parent to send his child to school, and at the same time to forbid him to send his child to a school in which the religion he believes is taught. If this will not set public opinion on the side of the parent, instead of on the side of the law, it is difficult to say what would have this effect. If the State schools were purely secular, there would be little hardship in providing that every child who is educated at the public expense should go to them for secular instruction. But under the Act of last year the State schools will not be purely secular. They will have a religious character of their own. It is true that the theological atmosphere pervading them will for the most part be highly indefinite. But there are denominations to whom an indefinite religion is simply another name for irreligion, and with persons holding this view—with the great majority of Roman Catholics, for example—it will be a matter of conscience not to allow their children to breathe such an atmosphere. They will refuse to obey the law, and declare themselves ready to bear the consequences. It will need no great courage to take this course, for no one can imagine that any parent will be really punished for preferring what he believes to be the salvation of his child's soul to any temporal considerations whatever. Mr. FORSTER puts the case mildly when he says that "such a parent would have the sympathy of the public if threatened with imprisonment." If the fanatics who are now agitating against the payment of Denominational school fees out of the rates were to have their way, the local compulsion now coming into play would remain a dead letter, while the adoption of universal compulsion would become absolutely impossible.

Mr. FORSTER's speeches have been chiefly concerned with a part of the education question which has not yet received the attention it merits. The Act of last Session has established a national system of elementary education. Experience will no doubt show that in some of its features there is room for considerable amendment; but if this experience is to be gained in any sufficient measure, the Act must receive a fair and patient trial. It is of the highest importance that the interval required for this purpose should be turned to account in laying the foundation of a national system of secondary education. A large part of the value of elementary education is that it enables those who have profited by it to go on to something higher. If the conflict with ignorance were for ever to be regarded as over when children have been taught the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, it would be a question whether so small a victory were worth the labour and money it costs. It is this half-acknowledged suspicion that prompts the complaints so often made of the limitations imposed by those who have the administration of the Parliamentary grant. People feel that elementary education ought to serve as an introduction to secondary education, and they jump to the conclusion that secondary education ought to be given in elementary schools. How far this combination may hereafter be found advisable it is neither necessary nor possible now to determine. So much has to be done before elementary schools have been put in a position thoroughly to do their work as regards the rudiments, that the inquiry what further purpose they may be made to serve would as yet be out of place. The universal complaint of those whose business it is to gauge the attainments of the children in elementary schools is that a large percentage of them leave school with their power of reading so little developed as to be virtually worthless to them in after life—they read, that is, with so much difficulty as to prevent their using the faculty except when they find it necessary in the way of business. Reading for pleasure implies reading with fluency, and still more with intelligence; and a child who has not learnt to do this while he is at school is as likely to open a book in after life as an average undergraduate is to take the Odes of HORACE as his companion on a railway journey. Yet without the power of reading for pleasure there can be no such thing as secondary education; and

those who desire to see the scope of elementary education enlarged may comfort themselves with the reflection that, in making elementary schools adequate to the discharge of this their first and most essential function, they are really doing more for secondary education than by giving the children a smattering of higher subjects while leaving them destitute of the machinery by which alone any knowledge of those higher subjects can be kept up.

Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to wait until the elementary education of the country has been perfected before attempting to organize secondary education. There exist already a large number of schools maintained by a vast aggregate of endowments, which only require to be reconstructed in conformity with the knowledge and the requirements of the time in order to supply exactly what is wanting so far as regards the particular district in which they are situated. The Endowed Schools Commissioners have for some time been engaged in examining into the state of these schools and in drawing up schemes for their improvement. In this way something has already been done towards promoting secondary education in Yorkshire. Schools have been re-organized, endowments have been reclaimed to their proper uses, a sound education is being brought within the reach of every boy whose parents are willing to pay a reasonable price for it, and exhibitions are being founded which will supply the same education without payment to such boys as show exceptional capacity for profiting by the gift. The only fault of this process is that, besides the unavoidable delays which must attend the introduction of a reform of this magnitude, the work of the Commission is exposed to the avoidable delays which result from the ignorance and indifference of the public at large. It has especially suffered from the almost exclusive attention which has been bestowed for the last two years on the controversies connected with the Education Act. It will be a harder thing in some respects to create a sufficient supply of good secondary schools than it has been to create a sufficient supply of good elementary schools. The need is less generally recognised, and there are a considerable number of persons more or less interested in opposing the reforms by which in the first instance the need must be met. If the endowments applicable to secondary education were all made to do their work, there would in many parts of the country be no new schools wanted. Every class of the population would be provided for, from the tradesman or skilled artisan who will contrive by strict economy to keep his boy at school till fifteen up to the professional man or the well-to-do farmer who is willing to give a clever son a chance of getting a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge. These typical districts are certain to exert an influence on those less fortunately circumstanced. In places where there are endowments which partially meet the case, they will be supplemented by local and individual liberality; in places where there are no endowments, other ways will be devised of raising the funds that are wanted. There is little reason to fear that one part of England will see conspicuous educational advantages enjoyed by another part and make no effort to place itself in an equally favourable condition. It follows from this that the road to a national system of secondary education lies through a complete organization of the existing educational endowments. The Endowed School Commissioners are invested with extensive powers for this very purpose; but where so many local and personal objections have to be surmounted, it is not enough to give a Commission extensive powers. They must be supported in making use of them by a strong public opinion, having its visible expression in the action of the Government, and, if need be, of Parliament. It is satisfactory, therefore, to find that Mr. FORSTER's thoughts are passing onwards from the question of elementary education to the consideration how to complete that educational ladder of which the lowest round is in the parish school and the highest in the Universities. Perhaps the Commissioners will not do their work the less well if they are urged to do it rather more quickly. Nor will it be necessary to wait till their work is finished before proceeding to further legislation. As Sir JOHN PAKINGTON reminded the Social Science Association, the Endowed Schools Act of 1869 is but a portion of the Endowed Schools Bill of the same year. The second part of the measure was withdrawn in order to make the passing of the first part easier. Mr. FORSTER will not be doing his duty towards secondary education if he allows the Session of 1872 to pass over without introducing the substance of the omitted clauses as an independent Bill.

THE LAUSANNE DEMAGOGUES.

THE follies and dissensions of the obscure revolutionists who have met at Lausanne under the title of a Peace Congress present a spectacle which may in one sense be called agreeable. It would be well if there were no mischievous blockheads in the world, nor are their vagaries in themselves pleasant objects of contemplation; but when they gather together in clusters for the purpose of doing all the harm in their power, the collapse of their efforts affords reasonable ground of satisfaction. On the Continent, as in England, democratic agitators multiply themselves like supernumeraries in a stage procession by appearing and reappearing under different names as members of various associations. It is not known whether a Workmen's Peace Association, which is one of the many aliases of the Land and Labour League of London, has affiliated itself to the International League of Peace and Liberty which conducts its periodical squabbles in Switzerland. National vanity sometimes suggests a belief that English demagogues with all their faults are more rational and business-like than their foreign allies. The BEALESSES and ODGENS may at least fairly boast that they have never made their Clubs additionally ridiculous by allowing frantic women to scream from their platforms. At Lausanne, as in all other places where female politicians have shared in public agitation, the women have been noisier, sillier, and more violent than the most infuriated of masculine philanthropists. A Mrs. LEO, a Mrs. MINCK, and several other ornaments of their sex, occupied the time of the Peace Congress by elaborate apologies for the Paris Commune and the civil war which it promoted; and another virago propounded the sweeping doctrine that all men, whether warlike or peaceful, are equally monsters. The same matron read some poetry in honour of women; and perhaps the time of the meeting was as well spent in listening to her strains as in discussing a proposal made by a penitent monster for the emancipation of women. One male philosopher recommended the adoption of a vegetable diet, which might perhaps in Northern climates tend to repress martial energy. The proceedings were rendered more exciting by frequent quarrels and by incessant disorder; and, although the discussion incessantly reverted to the Paris Commune, it seems that the majority disapproved of plunder and massacre. A burst of applause in honour of MARAT, who was evidently selected as the most bloodthirsty ruffian in history, probably proceeded from the Communist dissentients.

The objects of the Congress, whatever they may have been, were approved by M. LOUIS BLANC, who a few months ago was one of the most zealous advocates of internecine war between France and Germany. Many patriotic Frenchmen shared his aspirations, which would perhaps have been laudable if they had been consistent with ordinary prudence; but it is idle to profess approval of peace in the abstract, if the principle is subject to exceptions. All parties, as well as the Jacobin sect to which M. LOUIS BLANC belongs, would repudiate war with the utmost sincerity if they could ensure the attainment of their objects by peaceable means. Three years ago, when the League was less absurdly effete than at present, GARIBALDI attended one of the meetings to recommend, amidst general applause, one final, comprehensive, and universal war. Having paid his tribute to the cause of peace and pugnacity, the revolutionary General proceeded to organize and join the expedition which ended shortly afterwards on the battle-field of Mentana. Since that time the apostle of peace has never taken part in any war, except when he thrust himself into the struggle between Germany and France. MAZZINI also addressed a letter to the Lausanne Congress to the same effect with GARIBALDI's former speech. The leader of the Italian revolutionists holds that the Republic to which his life has been devoted is worth fighting for; and he disbelieves in the possibility of attaining his object by pacific methods. As MAZZINI requires not only that "property shall flow into the future of work," but that the map of Europe shall be re-arranged for the benefit of the Slavonic races, he is perfectly consistent in declaring that a battle, or rather an interminable series of battles, is inevitable. No revolutionary projector has yet appeared who would shrink from war as a condition of the adoption of his own particular nostrum. It is difficult to understand why democrats should be supposed to cherish a special sympathy for the cause of peace. The Governments of Germany, of France, and of Russia would be perfectly willing to abandon all warlike designs if they could attain without cost or risk the ends at which they respectively aim. The Gastein interview probably did more to preserve the peace than twenty Congresses, as it provided Germany with a security against retaliation on the part of France.

M. THIERS would welcome the commencement of the millennium if it involved the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine; nor would Russia object to acquire the Danubian provinces and Constantinople by any amicable arrangement. Since the days of the great NAPOLEON there has been no military leader who has loved war for its own sake. The late Emperor of the FRENCH, though his political suicide was caused by dynastic ambition, believed himself, rightly or wrongly, when he declared war against Germany, to be consulting the prejudices of the French nation.

It does not appear, from the scanty reports which have corresponded to the insignificance of the Lausanne agitation, that the Congress, from first to last, even attempted to provide any security against the recurrence of wars. The Workmen's Peace Association of London, meeting a month or two ago under the presidency of Mr. BEALES, was more explicit, if not more prudent. After his great victory in Hyde Park, Mr. BEALES threatened Mr. WALPOLE with civil war as the alternative of licensed disorder; but the County Court of Cambridge has perhaps exercised a pacifying influence, and the Workmen's Peace Association, which is not the same body as the Peace Society, appears to confine its attention to international wars. The remedy is to be found in an International Court of Arbitration, with powers to enact the laws which it is afterwards to administer. The jurisdiction of the Court is to be strictly limited to external affairs, so that all facilities for pulling down railings or committing other acts of domestic war may be carefully reserved. The difficulty of securing obedience to the decisions of the Court is provided for on the principle long since propounded by the celebrated Chief Constable of Messina. If the Court bids a belligerent stand, and he refuses compliance, the arbitrating Powers are to be called together to return thanks for their riddance of an offender whom they will proceed to excommunicate. In other words, "any Government represented refusing to be bound by, or neglecting to obey, the decision of the Court within a time specified for that purpose, shall be adjudged and declared to be internationally outlawed; and the other Governments shall thereupon suspend diplomatic intercourse with such Government, and prohibit commercial intercourse with the nation which it represents, until it shall conform to the decision of the Court." In 1870 both France and Prussia refused to submit on the application of England to the arbitration which had been recommended by the Plenipotentiaries of all the Powers in 1856. If Mr. BEALES and his allies had been in power, they would consequently have prohibited commercial intercourse both with France and Germany; and they would have withdrawn the English Embassies simultaneously from Paris and Berlin. The cessation of diplomatic intercourse is not a formidable infliction; but commercial intercourse can only be prevented by a strict blockade, involving the capture of vessels which attempt to break it. As the offending State would probably resent and resist the seizure of its vessels and the closing of its ports, the first step to the establishment of universal peace would on every occasion be the outbreak of a general war. The neutral Powers, or some of them, would at the same time disinterestedly subject themselves to penalties proportionately as heavy as those which are incurred by conscientious bishops when they prosecute criminal clerks. The BEALES and MOTTESHEADS and CREMERS have evidently forgotten that commerce is conducted between two parties, and that the profits are distributed between buyers and sellers. The cotton manufacturers of Lancashire would not be eager to prohibit commercial intercourse with America even if the Government of the United States had, in defiance of a judgment of the Court of Arbitration, persisted in prosecuting a war against Mexico or Brazil.

The orators at Lausanne avoided the embarrassment of their English allies by discussing almost every other possible subject in preference to peace. The conflicts which ensued must have puzzled the meeting by the complication of cross sections into which it found itself divided. The Germans and French differed on the merits of the late war, the Communists and the anti-Communists prosecuted their endless controversy; the women with their rights probably convinced the rest of the audience of their unfitness for political action; and the Peace League seems to have been unable to determine whether it should identify itself with the International Association. The preacher of the gospel of vegetables followed the general example in preferring the advocacy of his own crazy little crotchet to the discussion of the doctrine of peace. It would perhaps be ungenerous to taunt the League with its financial difficulties; but a promoter of the meeting who lamented that the newspaper called the *United States of Europe* had dropped for want of 200*l.* or 300*l.* can scarcely

have formed sanguine hopes of the progress of the Association. The funds would have been forthcoming if the paper had found any considerable number of readers; but it is not surprising that a Peace journal should be neglected by politicians who are fully occupied with the rights of women, the misdeeds of BISMARCK, and the merits of the International Association. It is remarkable that advocates of peace never refer to the country which has now for many years exemplified the policy which Societies and Associations affect to preach. The leaven of aristocracy which still exists in England, and the regard for law which prevails everywhere but in the revolutionary Clubs, disqualify the English nation and Government for the approval of any Peace Congress. The inundation of folly and presumption which has resulted from the participation of working-class demagogues in political discussion may furnish some excuse for the sceptical coldness with which hard-hearted and old-fashioned politicians have witnessed the prostration of the ancient barriers of law and custom.

BONAPARTIST HOPES.

THE reappearance of an Imperialist Restoration as one out of many solutions to the immediate problem in France is a striking example of the law that in politics what is expected never comes to pass. If the Second Empire had been overthrown by the strength or the organization of its enemies, there would have been nothing wonderful in its learning wisdom from defeat, or in its adversaries losing, after the victory was won, the characteristics which had enabled them to win it. But the Empire fell by its own sheer weakness. Its chief became a prisoner, and the supporters who had clung to him for the safety supposed to be assured to them by his protection had no mind to defend his cause when his favour had ceased to be valuable. NAPOLEON III. was not only beaten, he was made ridiculous; and the prevailing impression was that this would constitute in French eyes an insuperable objection to his ever returning to the throne. Herein it seems the world was wrong. Whether it be that a crowd of later disasters have indisposed or incapacitated the nation for drawing nice distinctions between one defeat and another, or that the capitulation of Paris, which was the work of the Republic, has blotted out the capitulation of Sedan, which was the work of the EMPEROR, or that in the presence of personal and material interests past military failures go for nothing, it is difficult to say. What seems certain is that the ex-EMPEROR has a party in France, and a party which has by no means given up all hope of seeing itself again in power. If it is said that it is only those who have objects of their own to serve who belong to this party, the qualification does but bring out the force of the original statement. If the Imperialist partisans were men likely to cling to a hopeless cause, if they gave to the EMPEROR the same kind of devotion which the Count of CHAMBORD has received from many Legitimists, the fact that they exist in considerable, and it is said increasing, numbers would be of no moment. What gives significance to their loyalty is the fact that they are not, as a rule, men who serve either God or man for nought. If they still espouse the EMPEROR's cause, it is in the spirit of a speculator who buys depreciated stocks because he has satisfied himself they will again be at par.

A letter from a "Parisian Correspondent," in the *Times* of Wednesday, contains some curious indications of the foundations on which these Bonapartist hopes are built. According to this authority, the Imperialists rely on classes which have generally been set down as hostile to the Empire, as well as on those which have been supposed to favour it. It is no surprise to learn that the peasants are beginning to remember that the EMPEROR made a great deal of money pass through their hands, or that the Paris shopkeepers look back with regret to a system under which large and easily made profits led by rapid stages to "a peaceful retreat, a country house, a comfortable carriage to drive in with one's family." Regrets of this ignoble kind are commonly shortsighted, and neither the peasant nor the shopkeeper is likely to consider that an Empire which had an indemnity to pay off and heavy taxes to raise would have very little money to dispose of for some years to come. It is more remarkable at first sight that the conversion of the working classes and the men of letters to at least a state of acquiescence in a Bonapartist restoration seems not to be regarded as a thing impossible. Yet when the marvel is looked at more closely, its strangeness very much disappears. As regards the working-men, no doubt they have no love for Imperialism in the abstract. But then they have equally little love for a Republic of the aristocratic and "rural" type which is now

in power. Indeed, their dislike to this Republic is probably much more lively than their dislike to the Empire. NAPOLEON III. was unpopular with the French working class not because he was a despotic ruler, but because he was not a Socialist. They would have condoned his absolutism if it had not been occasionally exercised in defence of property and religion. It is a fact of some significance that the working-men of Paris did not, in the first instance, resent the *Coup d'État*. They were rather disposed to look at it as a quarrel between the PRESIDENT of the Republic and their natural enemies, the capitalists and the Parliamentarians. This feeling may very well have been revived by recent events. The Empire would have been as hostile to the Commune as the Republic has been, but the actual work of pulling it down has been done under Republican forms, though in part by Imperialist hands. NAPOLEON III. was never forced to wage open war against the working-men, but in May 1871, as in June 1848, they have fallen by thousands before the troops of the Republic. Naturally therefore they are "not without some feeling of anger at the thought of Satory and the hulks." If NAPOLEON III. were to re-enter Paris as sovereign, he would see enough sullen faces in the streets, but on most of them perhaps there would be a shade of bitter triumph at the thought that M. THIERS had met his match. As between the Empire and a Republic as understood by the present National Assembly the Communist might hold there was not a pin to choose. But of his two enemies, one has made him feel all that defeat means; while with the other he has never been engaged in actual conflict. It is hardly to be expected that he should resent a change of affairs which puts the foe from whom he has suffered nothing under the feet of the foe from whom he has suffered a great deal.

The men of letters have less excuse than the working class for any kindness with which they may view the thought of the EMPEROR's return; but even in their case such a temper of mind is not inexplicable. "What are called the literary classes," says the "Parisian Correspondent," "made vehement war against the Empire while it existed, and have largely contributed to its fall . . . but the greater number have remained deprived of readers, exhausting the profits they made under the Empire; not daring to complain, but beginning to grow uneasy. Do you think that this uneasiness is not somewhat akin to 'regret'?" There are two sorts of Governments under which French men of letters seem especially to flourish. The first and best is such a Government as existed from 1815 to 1848—a Government in which the public opinion of the educated classes was the motive power, and the newspapers which at once formed and expressed this public opinion were the effective instruments. The BOURBON Restoration and the Monarchy of July were the golden age of journalism. The second form is a weak despotism, such as that of NAPOLEON III. was during the last few years of his reign. Under this order of things leading articles are no longer the stepping-stones to political or Parliamentary power; but they can be trusted to bring in fame and fortune to their writers. The Government supplies an indestructible target for opposition satire without being strong enough to make its resentment really inconvenient. M. ROCHEFORT has met with harder measure at the hands of M. THIERS than any that was dealt out to him under NAPOLEON III. A Government such as that now in power has no tenderness for journalists as such, and has consequently but small chance of being loved by them in so far as they are journalists and nothing else. It is a Government, as we should say, of country squires, bitterly hostile to Paris and everything connected with Paris, disposed to regard ideas as dangerous and to suspect an insult in every epigram. The Empire, as the younger journalists of Paris remember it, was unintentionally a kinder patron than the reactionary Assembly. If the EMPEROR neither bought nor read newspapers himself, he was the cause of their being bought and read by a great many other persons.

More active friends of the Empire are to be found, according to the "Parisian Correspondent," in the army and in the official class. The soldiers, it is said, have forgotten the military incompetence which brought defeat and captivity upon their heads, and think only of the unjust abuse which has been heaped upon their fruitless courage. The public service is still largely made up of men appointed under the Empire, and there is a natural affinity between Imperialism and bureaucracy which must dispose every unpugged clerk to wish well to a Government which made every one of its subordinates an autocrat in his own sphere. Where officials are so numerous as they are in France, a twenty years' lease of power confers

a great advantage, even after the tenant has been dispossessed. The great majority of his nominees are too insignificant to be dismissed, while at the same time they are not at all too insignificant to scheme on behalf of their old patron. Village schoolmasters and *juges de paix* who have given the Prefect no excuse for sending them about their business may each in his own sphere do something to supplant the Government with which the Prefect's fortunes are bound up by a Government which is more likely to further their own humble interests.

It can hardly be necessary to say that these speculations are not to be taken for anything more than they profess to be. They are the work of a keen observer of political phenomena, who, finding himself in the presence of an Imperialist agitation, has set himself to consider what are the symptoms from which those who guide it derive their hopes of success. The Bonapartists are not any more than other men guaranteed against false expectations. It is clear that two, if not three, of the classes enumerated as favourable to the idea of a Bonapartist restoration must be understood to be favourable simply in the sense of not being actively opposed to it. But acquiescence will hardly set up a fallen monarchy, unless there be some power on its side strong enough to replace it in the position in which acquiescence is equivalent to support. Only of an authority in possession can it be said, He that is not against me is with me. Where there is actual hard work to be done at starting, it is rather true that he that is not with me is against me. If the army were untrue to the present Government, all these other considerations would immediately become of great moment. There is not at present any sufficient evidence as to its temper to make them more than remotely and contingently important.

MR. FAWCETT ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE noisy agitators who are endeavouring to raise a clamour against the House of Lords will scarcely attain immediate success. The country is not really indignant at the rejection of the Ballot Bill; and the genuine advocates of revolution attach little importance to a mere change of political institutions. As the late candidate for Truro justly observed, the House of Lords would necessarily disappear with the abolition of property in land and with the destruction of the tyranny of capital. Mr. DIXON and his Birmingham associates desire merely to abolish all obstacles to the supremacy of their own faction in the large towns. They might perhaps also be willing to expropriate landowners, because as a class they are not generally extreme Liberals; but manufacturers and traders in Birmingham and other places have no intention of voluntarily sacrificing the tyranny of capital. Although Mr. JENKINS may have been justified in assuring the Truro electors that Mr. GLADSTONE, whom he had recently compared to a passionate woman, was anxious for the success of a Communist candidate, the installation of social anarchy will probably be reserved for some younger Minister, nor is it even probable that Mr. GLADSTONE will add to his long list of political conversions the discovery that the time has arrived for suppressing the House of Lords. One section of demagogues actually affects to be anxious for the establishment of another House of Lords consisting of the holders of Irish peerages; and although their professions are scarcely serious, it may be supposed that they consult and flatter some kind of public opinion. Nevertheless, in a time when the wholesome faith in existing things is disturbed to its foundations, those institutions which involve an ostensible paradox or infringement of superficial plausibility are exposed to special danger. It would be difficult to convince a popular audience, if this question were once regarded as open, that legislative and administrative powers may advantageously be transmitted by inheritance. Some effort of reflection and observation is required to perceive that the apparent anomaly is not confined to the descendants of peers. Brewers, bankers, solicitors, tailors, and dressmakers also transmit their trades to their children; and the sons of GARIBALDI, himself the purest type of ultra-democracy, are promoted in their earliest youth to the command of insurrectionary levies, on the sole ground that they were born in the revolutionary purple.

Those who are opposed on principle to the privileges of the House of Lords are perfectly right in discussing the alternative projects which they recommend for adoption. Mr. GEORGE POTTER communicates to the *Times* a sketch of a new Constitution in which royalty is, with a pleasing condescension, tolerated for a time, while the hereditary privileges of subjects are to be summarily suppressed. Mr. FAWCETT, who is a political theorist of a very different order, has

published in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* an essay on the House of Lords which is thoughtful and suggestive, although it may not be considered moderate in its conclusions. In accordance with his well-known opinions, he summarily rejects an hereditary claim to "exercise government over others, irrespective of merit or other personal qualification"; but he is far from agreeing with the Birmingham grievance which consists in the impediments offered by the House of Lords to the absolute domination of numerical majorities. Few Conservatives dwell so earnestly as Mr. FAWCETT on the expediency of reserving a due proportion of power to special knowledge and independent thought. If the House of Commons is to retain its present constitution, Mr. FAWCETT would balance it by a Second Chamber, though he prefers a single Assembly which might fairly represent all sections of opinion. He thinks that a House composed of the class which is described in French by the term *notabilités* would command a deference which is not paid to the present House of Lords. Ex-judges, generals who have held high commands, retired Indian functionaries, Presidents of learned and scientific Societies, might undoubtedly constitute a respectable Assembly; and if the same class of candidates could find their way into the House of Commons, the necessity for maintaining a Second Chamber would be perceptibly diminished. It is also probable that many of the great territorial peers would, as long as they retained their social position, find constituencies to return them; and Mr. FAWCETT is too honest a politician to object to a system which he thinks desirable in itself because it might incidentally tend to the advantage of the Conservative party. The main defect of his scheme is that his wise and virtuous candidates will never be returned to the House of Commons; and that if they were members of a Second Chamber, they would be far more powerless than the present House of Lords. The French Senate under the First and Second Empire, though its members were appointed by the Chief of the State, were not unfairly selected from the same classes which Mr. FAWCETT would place by their own right in the Upper House. LAPLACE and MONGE, PORTALIS, DUPUYTREN, and TROPONG, with many other notable persons, at different times represented science, literature, medicine, and law in the body which was supposed to be the guardian of the Constitution; but their functions as members of the Institute or the Academy were more important than their senatorial character. NAPOLEON told Count BEUGNOT, when he asked for promotion, that he could not spare him for some years, but when he was old, "Je vous enverrai au Sénat 'indoter à votre aise.'" In another conversation he told the same Minister that when he had made the fortune of his own early followers and of their children he would never employ a man who had not 2,000*l.* a-year in land. "Until we have 'done with war,'" he added, "everything is provisional; but 'then we must set about founding institutions in earnest.'" Even if the Empire had not been overthrown, NAPOLEON'S attempt to found a landed aristocracy in post-revolutionary France would inevitably have failed; nor, indeed, would he have himself tolerated in practice the existence of an independent political body; but where a solid centre of action and resistance can be found, it is worth while to consider whether it could be replaced, and whether it ought to be removed. The House of Lords is at its weakest in the collective and formal action which too often brings it into collision with a more powerful body. Its members hold innumerable elective offices of more or less importance, conferred upon them because the community at large, when it exercises its own unbiassed discretion, rightly or wrongly prefers peers and men of large landed estate to all competitors of pretensions otherwise equal. As Chairmen of public Companies, of Societies, of Committees, of meetings, of Quarter Sessions, the peers are returned as a matter of course by the universal suffrage of constituencies variously composed; and although flippant satirists may ridicule the reverence of an Englishman for a lord, it is perfectly reasonable to examine the official guinea stamp which certifies the quality of the gold. The great man of the neighbourhood is probably neither a man of genius nor an orator; but he is nearly certain to be a gentleman and a man of honour; and unless he is a mere idler and game-preserver, he is accustomed to the forms of public business. If in England, as in mediæval Italy, the heads of great families were in the habit of living in towns, they would probably have their choice of the higher municipal offices, as they at present often preside over urban institutions of a charitable or social character. It matters little whether their personal qualifications are universally acknowledged, as long as

they are actually preferred by the members of nearly all bodies which have unpaid offices to bestow. Even when great pecuniary interests are at stake, it is not unusual to require the services of principal members of the House of Lords as non-professional arbitrators. Mr. FAWCETT may or may not be right in thinking that the imaginary Second Chamber which he describes would be more competent than the House of Lords; but it may be confidently asserted that it would not be equally respected by the country at large. Hereditary attorneys and tailors are practically as efficient as if they were selected by open competition; and hereditary peers implicitly follow the guidance of their own leaders, who are among the ablest men in the kingdom. It is undoubtedly irritating to the dominant party in the House of Commons that scores of unknown peers should swarm to Westminster to vote at the bidding of their chiefs against some measure which is supposed to be popular with the constituencies; but Mr. FAWCETT would be the last to deny that the House of Lords always represents a minority which might otherwise be politically disfranchised. As he truly and fairly asserts, large sections of Liberals disapproved of the Ballot, though no Liberal member had the courage to utter his objections in the House of Commons. The shameless conversion of the principal Ministers, and the submission of the united party, added little moral weight to a proposal which was obviously made from selfish motives. It is not improbable that the growing want of harmony between the two Houses may derange the working of the Constitution and lead to the uncontrolled supremacy of a democratic House of Commons; but as long as a resisting body is required or tolerated, its most indispensable quality is strength to resist. There are more refined and beautiful substances than puddled clay, but it has the property of preventing the transit of water. Even if an effectual substitute could be discovered, it would not be applied by those who object to the construction of a dam. The Birmingham agitators, if they have power to destroy the House of Lords, will not employ their strength in providing some new restraint on their own political power. That majorities will at any time voluntarily recognise the claims of minorities is an idle dream. Mr. FAWCETT reasonably dreads the operation of the probable establishment of equal electoral districts. At present the accidents, the traditional anomalies, and the irregularities of the Constitution imperfectly restrain the despotism of majorities. If all the exceptions are swept away, the rule of numbers will maintain itself in rigorous simplicity.

RAILWAY DIRECTORS AND THEIR SERVANTS.

THE discussion as to the overwork and underpay of railway servants has recently been continued in several letters that have passed between Mr. PRICE, the Chairman of the Midland, and Mr. BASS, who is the champion of the servants. They are valuable contributions to the elucidation of the subject of which they treat, and it is especially valuable to have from so competent an authority as Mr. PRICE a precise statement of the case put forward by the Directors on this controversy. No useful result can flow from the discussion unless the statements and arguments of the masters are as clearly put before the public and as impartially considered as those of the friends of the servants. It is, however, to be observed that Mr. PRICE, although he states his case as fully and intelligibly as could be wished, does so under protest. He objects to any body of employers being called on to explain how they treat and use their servants, and he inveighs against Mr. BASS for interfering on the strength of an anonymous communication. Neither objection has any weight. Railway Directors are in an exceptional position, for they are employers who inflict an immediate and direct injury on the public if they so use their servants as to cause risk of damage or destruction to goods and passengers. The nation has a right to know whether those whom the Legislature has entrusted with the task of carrying passengers and goods are subjecting travellers and freighters to unnecessary risk; and it has also been in recent years accepted as a principle in English legislation that the State will not allow employers to subject servants to excessive and overwhelming labour. And if all large employers need some watching, Railway Directors need it more than any other; for they are but the servants of shareholders, who see nothing of any misery and danger they may cause, and naturally think only of dividends. If there were good reason to suppose that railway servants were generally so overworked as to endanger the safety of the public, the Government would be bound to ascertain the exact facts by means of a Commission, just as it

a few months ago ascertained the facts as to the operation of the Truck system. But the direct action of the State ought not to be set in motion if all that requires to be known can be ascertained otherwise; and although a Railway Board would be quite right to resist frivolous demands for explanation, yet a better mode of protecting and enlightening the public in the first instance, and of ascertaining whether there is any necessity for State interference, could not be devised than that explanations should be asked for by such a man as Mr. BASS, who, as Mr. PRICE admits, thoroughly understands the subject of railway management, who is a very large employer of labour, who is member for the borough in which the Midland has its central office, and who has been requested by a very large section of his constituents to take up the matter. In order to make his inquiries effectual, he is obliged necessarily to obtain from the servants of the Company statements of what are the burdens imposed on them, and the servants who furnish the information cannot let their names be known, as they fear lest they should be instantly dismissed, although Mr. PRICE declares that such fears are groundless. In point of fact, Mr. BASS has had weight enough, and has learnt enough, to make the Chairman of the Midland speak out, and the public is very much indebted to Mr. BASS for the pains he has taken, and the resolution he has shown in the matter.

The case of an engine-driver named WALKER is frequently referred to by Mr. BASS and Mr. PRICE, and deserves to be borne in mind as a typical instance of what may happen under the system of what in many respects is an admirably managed line. WALKER, who had made thirty hours' time out of thirty-four, was returning at one o'clock in the morning from Dudley to Derby, when he and his fireman, both fast asleep, ran through Burton station at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The pointsman, seeing that the train was without control, by an act of what Mr. BASS terms extraordinary courage and self-possession, turned it into a siding, and there the mischief was limited to smashing thirteen or fourteen carriages. But what, asks Mr. BASS, if the pointsman also had been weary with long toil, and the train had run into collision with a passenger train? Surely if the public can be supposed to be interested in knowing anything, it must wish to know how it can happen that an engine-driver who has been worked thirty hours out of thirty-four, and is exhausted into unconsciousness, comes to have the management of a train going thirty-five miles an hour. But it so happened that just as Mr. BASS was concluding his last letter he heard of another case where, in an inquiry before a magistrate, a servant of the Midland Company deposed that he was on duty at a wayside station on the main line, and that his duties, including that of attending to the points, last from half-past six in the morning to ten o'clock at night, and that he had to get up on the average twice a night to open the gates at a level crossing. These two cases are worth noticing, because they illustrate the two chief causes of the men working for dangerously long hours. In the busy parts of the line, from one cause or another, more work has sometimes to be done than was anticipated, and then the servants have to work much more than is good for them, the Company, or the public. In the slack parts of the line there is little to do, but it has to be done over a great number of hours; and so, though the labour may not be great, it is spread over a long time. The Railway Company has something to say for itself on both heads. The working day of an engine-driver is ten hours, of which two-thirds are spent in running, and the remainder in cleaning his engine and waiting. No one can say that this is excessive. But then he has frequently to work overtime. He is paid extra for this overtime; but although he may be very glad often to work overtime, and may be himself eager to overtax his strength, an engine-driver is of course expected to work a certain amount of overtime if occasion requires. The necessity of working overtime often arises from accident, and especially from the state of the weather in winter. In foggy weather the trains can go but very slowly, and goods trains are shunted for hours together, to let passenger trains go by. But all the hours during which an engine is shunted count as time to the driver, so that when it is said that a driver has been at work for thirty hours, it does not mean that he has been guiding an engine for that time, but that he has been that time out. When, however, the necessity for working overtime is found to continue beyond what accidents can account for, this, Mr. PRICE says, is taken as an indication that the staff ought to be increased, and new engine-drivers are hired. The rule of the service is, as Mr. PRICE states, to discourage overtime, and not to permit or

call upon the drivers to work more than sixty to sixty-five hours a week. If men are found to be working more, either this is or ought to be due to some accident like a fog, or to an increase in the traffic, and this latter case, directly it is established as a fact, is met by the engagement of new hands.

At wayside stations it often happens that, although there is too much for one man to do, there is too little for two, and Railway Directors shun both the expense and the danger of having two half-idle men hanging about a little out-of-the-way place. This is a difficulty, but it is one that ought not to be insurmountable. The fact seems to be that the system of the Midland in the management of its servants is in need of improvement, and, as Mr. PRICE urges, it is being improved, as men are being worked for a shorter number of hours together; but such deviations from what is acknowledged to be right are permitted for temporary convenience, or from permanent motives of economy, that undue labour is too often thrown on the servants, and undue risk on the public. Yet, on the other hand, the system, if it were better adhered to, and received such improvements as experience dictated, is not an unsound one. In point of wages it does not appear that the men have much to complain of. The pointsmen are said by Mr. BASS to be underpaid—that is to say, a better class of men ought to be secured by an increase of pay. But the general allegation is not that the pointsmen are not competent, but that they are overworked. If a pointsman got double the wages he does now, and was as clever as possible at his business, yet if he were kept at work till he got stupid and sleepy he would be as dangerous to the public as any pointsman can be at present. Railway Companies must have credit as well as blame given them when it is due, and the courageous and self-possessed pointsman who, in the case of WALKER's train, prevented an accident at one o'clock in the morning by his peculiar sharpness, may be taken as an indication that some at least of the pointsmen of the Midland Company are not incompetent. Theoretically the system of the Company with regard to paying and working its servants is, as we have said, only to be impugned in so far as it needs the improvements which, as the Chairman says, it is receiving. But then practically it is possible under this system that a train with the driver and fireman both fast asleep should dash through a station at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The mischief is that a Company may permit a hundred dangerous deviations from a good system without being found out, for scarcely any one but a few minor officials knows much about them until they are things of the past, and then, if no accident has occurred, they are forgotten. But all publicity and inquiry into such occurrences tend to prevent them, and it is very likely that increased pains to avoid accidents through overworking servants will be taken on the Midland Railway in consequence of the very meritorious efforts of Mr. BASS to expose the errors and shortcomings of the administration; and Mr. PRICE concludes his last letter to Mr. BASS by informing him that an extra man will be sent to the wayside station he referred to. A greater tribute to the value of Mr. BASS's exertions could scarcely be conceived. He, and he only, is the cause of the labours being lightened of that unhappy servant of the Midland who, after being on duty for fourteen hours a day, has hitherto had to wake twice from his sleep in the night; and travellers who henceforth pass over the points at that station ought to bless the name of the member for Derby.

THE NEWCASTLE STRIKE.

THE so-called compromise which was proposed by Mr. MUNDELLA on behalf of the Newcastle engineers has been rejected by the employers, and it is announced that the strike will be maintained until the Nine Hours' League has enforced in the most unqualified and absolute manner the claim from which it derives its name. It has been stated by the President of the League that Mr. MUNDELLA, who interposed as a peacemaker, encouraged the operatives in their resistance by assuring them that the balance of reason and justice was on their side; but if he had taken the trouble to make himself acquainted with the history of the quarrel, he could hardly have failed to perceive that what he offered as a compromise was, as regards the essence of the controversy, not a compromise at all, but only a reiteration, in the hardest and most uncompromising form, of the demand originally put forward by the leaders of the strike. This demand was that the hours of labour should be reduced from fifty-nine to fifty-four per week, or, allowing for the Saturday half-holiday,

from ten to nine hours a day. Although it was not expressly stated, it was implied that, while the amount of work was thus to be diminished, the amount of weekly wages was to remain without alteration. As far as the masters were concerned, the nine hours' movement represented an increase of expenditure not in one, but in all directions. If they had acceded to it, they would have had to pay their men for five hours every week during which no work was done; and further to bear the loss of keeping their machinery idle during the same time. In order to maintain the usual rate of production in their factories, it would have been necessary to engage a more numerous body of workmen, to enlarge their premises, and to multiply their machinery. An advance of wages might have been obtained without much difficulty, and after several weeks' experience of the strike the employers proposed to meet the men halfway, by conceding the five hours which were demanded, partly in an actual reduction of the hours of labour and partly in increased wages. They offered a reduction of two hours a week, with an increase of pay to the amount of five per cent. These terms were refused by the operatives, who intimated through Mr. MUNDELLA that they could not forego a single second of the five hours upon which they had set their hearts; but that for the three hours which they assumed to be all that was now in dispute, they would consent to a reduction of wages. It is obvious, however, that the two hours were surrendered by the masters as part of a bargain, and not as a starting-point for fresh concessions. If we look only at the original demand of the League, its latest proposal may no doubt be regarded as a compromise. In the first instance, the men claimed ten hours' pay for nine hours' work; they still insist upon the day's work being limited to nine hours, but they agree to accept nine and a half hours' pay for it. It must be observed, however, that the controversy has passed beyond its initial state, and that the real question now at issue is not the number of hours for which an increase of pay shall be allowed, but the number of hours which shall be deducted from the week's work. Upon this point the masters have given up two hours, the men nothing. The President of the League has remarked that it is strange that both parties should be anxious to forfeit money, but he ignores the obvious inference that money is not the most important point in the dispute. It is a question not of money, but of time, and in regard to time what the League calls a compromise is only a resolute adherence to its first demand.

Sir W. ARMSTRONG in his letter to Mr. MUNDELLA had no difficulty in showing that the proposal of the League to combine a limitation of the hours of work with a reduction of wages was inconsistent and illusory. The effect of any restrictions on the hours of labour must necessarily be to diminish the supply of labour, since more men will be required in proportion to the shorter hours, and a diminished supply means an increased value. It is impossible to reconcile a contracted supply and a reduced price. It is difficult to say how far the leaders of the agitation are deluded by their own arguments; but it is probable that the engineers would not be long in making the discovery that in obtaining a reduction of hours they had secured a powerful leverage for raising the scale of wages. The reasons which led the men to support the nine hours' movement are, in fact, the very reasons why the masters feel bound to resist it. An arbitrary and artificial reduction of the hours of labour would necessitate the employment of a larger number of men to carry on the trade; it would, by practically diminishing the supply of labour as compared with the demand, strengthen the position of the men in seeking a further advance of wages; and it would also allow a larger margin for overtime, with extra pay, if overtime were allowed. A demand for the reduction of the hours of labour may appear in itself to be reasonable and even laudable on the part of the men. The worth of their work is not to be measured merely by the time which they devote to it, and it is quite conceivable that they might produce more valuable results in nine hours than in ten hours. Mr. BURNETT, the President of the League, argues that under the new system the men would display greater care and energy, and that "the increase of physical force would be so great, consequent on a reduction of the hours worked, that each day under the new system would witness the execution of as much work as under the old ten hours' system." Mr. BURNETT also asserts that there is no desire or intention to put a stop to overtime. If this were true, the objects of the League would be very different from those of the general body of Unionists; but there is a simple and obvious test of the sincerity of the plea. If overtime is to be freely allowed, the only question is as to the hour at which it shall begin to be reckoned, and

an increase of wages would therefore settle the dispute. The rejection of the offer of the employers to give full pecuniary compensation for the hours which the men wish to deduct from the week's work would seem to be a conclusive proof that the movement is directed against overtime, as well as against the regular hours of daily labour. It is true that overtime is at present permitted under the nine hours' system in Sunderland, and it is probable that it would not be immediately forbidden if the Newcastle employers also agreed to the shorter hours. It is obvious, however, that the prohibition of overtime is a logical consequence of the nine hours' movement, and it is reasonably apprehended that it would be insisted upon as soon as the operatives thought they were strong enough to carry their point. Mr. MUNDELLA says he believes the men are sincere in seeking a reduction of hours for its own sake without any ulterior designs, but the general objects and modes of operation of the Trade Unions throughout the country suggest a contrary impression. The Unions all work for the same ends and in the same manner. Their first object is to ensure employment as far as possible to all their members; their second object is to exact as high a rate of wages as can be obtained. In a conflict between these objects the first would be preferred, if the leaders of the Union had their way, because it is the object to which the majority of the Unionists attach the greater importance. But it might happen that the men who were already in full work would object to a reduction of their wages in order to secure employment for others. In the present instance the proposal to surrender three hours' wages as the price of five hours' holiday was approved by a vote by ballot among the men, but not without a good deal of reluctance and angry clamour. Indeed it appears from Mr. BURNETT's excuses and apologies to have been something very like a snatched vote. The explanation of this discontent is, no doubt, that the men who were formerly in employment have no objection to provide for their less fortunate fellows by doing five hours' less work every week while receiving the same wages as before, but that they very much dislike the idea of having to pay for their comrades out of their own pocket.

It must not be forgotten that, while the object of the Trade Unions is to coerce employers, the means by which they seek to accomplish this object is, in the first instance, the coercion of their own class. The whole machinery of Unionism is directed to check competition between the workmen themselves, and to reduce the hours of labour and the rate of production, so that the work may be divided in equal shares among all the members of the Union, good, bad, and indifferent alike. Hence the rules against piecework, overtime, "chasing," and other practices which would give a strong, expert, and industrious workman an advantage over his less willing or capable companions. Hence also the various vexatious and fantastic devices for consuming time and obstructing work which are in favour with the Unions. There is a conflict of interests within these bodies as well as between them and the outer world. Whether a reduction of hours can be safely granted turns very much on the grounds on which it is desired. It is the general policy of the Unions in placing artificial restrictions on the labour market, and the ulterior objects for the sake of which, it is suspected, the shorter hours are desired, which at present discredit a movement that would otherwise command general sympathy. Mr. MUNDELLA's proposal, which he has repeated in a letter to Sir W. ARMSTRONG, with the addition of a suggested Board of Arbitration to settle details, would simply concede all that the men demand. On the other hand, a reduction of two or two and a half hours a week, as an experiment, would test the sincerity of Mr. BURNETT's assurances that the rate of production would be fully maintained and that overtime would not be prohibited. If the men accepted this compromise in a loyal spirit, employers would be encouraged to extend the reduction to the full amount now claimed. It is too much to expect that a change of this kind can be accomplished at a single stride, and Sir W. ARMSTRONG is justified in his argument that, while wages fluctuate according to circumstances, a reduction in hours when once made can hardly be recalled.

In a quarrel of this nature it would be extraordinary if one side were altogether in the right and the other side altogether in the wrong. The employers have proposed a genuine compromise, while that of the League is fictitious and impracticable; but, as Sir W. ARMSTRONG admits that the condition of trade justifies an advance of wages, it may be asked why the employers did not give practical effect to this conviction before the strife began. If employers make it a rule to wait until they are coerced by a

strike before they grant an increase of pay which they confess to be due, they have no right to complain when this pressure is applied to them. They have apparently to learn that the most effectual means of counteracting the influence of the Unions is not by simply fighting them on every occasion. If the demand for "nine hours pure and simple" is persisted in, the establishment of payment by the hour or piecework would be the most appropriate mode of meeting it; but the employers would find it to their interest to detach workmen from their Unions by giving them a larger and more permanent interest in the establishments in which they are engaged. If the principle is admitted that the men are entitled to a share in the increasing profits of a factory, it should not be difficult to make some arrangement by which wages should be fairly and systematically adjusted in proportion to profits. The Congress which Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG proposes would not be fruitless if it led to the establishment of a thorough understanding on this point, although, as Mr. MUNDELLA points out, it would be apt to open up an awkward range of questions.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

THE Social Science Association is again at work upon the regeneration of the world. Though we are not as yet able to sum up the results of their meeting, we have before us an elaborate report of Sir John Pakington's opening address. We shall not in this place discuss the wisdom or weakness of Sir John's specific opinions. Let us here assume, for the sake of argument, that his profundity as a philosopher is only equalled by his acuteness and prudence as a practical legislator, and that his doctrines, admirable in themselves, if slightly communistic, gain a fresh grace from the epigrammatic terseness and the rhetorical vigour of his style. Let us picture to ourselves a crowded audience of the enthusiasts now gathered at Leeds, hanging in breathless suspense upon every sentence, catching at every instant new views of the boundless fields of social science, their philanthropic emotions roused and their logical faculties stimulated to nervous exercise by every fresh sentence. Such intellectual feasts can of course be rarely enjoyed under any circumstances, and even the Social Science Association would admit that our language would be too highly coloured for a description of their daily fare. Assuming, however, that Sir John Pakington, or Mr. Vernon Harcourt, or any of the other stars engaged for the present performance, come up to our ideal, the inevitable question recurs—Ought we to rejoice that there is such a discharge of eloquence, or ought we to regret that it is discharged to so little immediate purpose? The claim put forward by the Association, as we find it expressed by an admiring critic, is that it "gives great questions an opportunity." It "enables men and women who are working at great problems in retirement to give the results of their experience to the world." In some way or other, not very clearly defined, it stimulates legislation; it prepares the public mind; and, in short, though not precisely a working body, it is more or less an encouragement to people who are anxious to get work done.

Against this theory, which we presume to be a fair account of what the Association claims for itself, let us put the indictment which its enemies would probably draw up. The worst tendency of modern Englishmen, they would say perhaps, is to lose themselves in endless and objectless floods of talk. We go on talking sense or nonsense till the simplest issues become overlaid with rubbish mountains of hopeless twaddle. We suffer, above everything, from a general incapacity to get anything ever done. The public mind is enervated so as to be incapable of taking any particular tone, because the loudest instead of the most qualified disputants generally succeed in obtaining a hearing. Free discussion is an excellent thing, but it is excellent on condition that it should some time or other lead to a decision; and the more we talk the further we seem to be from deciding anything. Sir John Pakington quoted a remark from some anonymous English statesman to the effect that, though Prussia was a more absolute despotism than even Russia, it had undertaken to pave the way for democracy by raising the social and intellectual cultivation of the lowest classes; and he added that, from our incapacity to follow the Prussian example, we were in imminent danger of being left hopelessly behind in the race of European nations. Such sentiments, and they are not uncommonly expressed, are calculated to raise doubts whether that blessing of free discussion which we enjoy is so unmixed a blessing after all. If under a despotism the people are really made happier, and wiser, and more civilized than under our form of government, is not the despotism the better of the two? Of course we recoil from answering in the affirmative; and yet, when we consider the vast amount of discontent and revolutionary sentiment which exists amongst us, we may fear that the answer will not always be what we could wish. If there is a danger that constitutional government may break down in this country, it arises chiefly from the slowness with which new ideas manage to get themselves embodied in legislation. Thinking people gradually lose patience with a general state of deadlock, and feel that any alternative is to be preferred to a system under which a strong desire for reform generates, not any vigorous action, but interminable fruitless agitation.

If there be a danger in the prevalence of such sentiments, it is due in great measure to the mental habits of which the Social Science Commission is one symptom, and which it does its best to encourage. A man or woman, as rapturous admirers tell us, has been working at some great problem in private, and wishes to offer the solution to the world. Accordingly he or she rushes to the Social Science Association, and proposes to read a paper. There the reformer meets some score of energetic competitors, each with another solution of the great problem to be bestowed upon the world. A discussion takes place, which is notoriously to lead to no practical result, and from which therefore it seems hard to exclude anybody who enjoys the faculty of speech. Some mangled report of it struggles into the newspapers, and possibly leads to another discussion in print, which is about as anarchic and perplexing as the *ad hoc* debate. The paper itself is printed in the Reports of the Association, and retires into the limbo where endless blue-books and statistical reports and systems of "universology" are already peacefully reposing. Something has been added to the piles of waste paper by which the world is encumbered; and once more a little useful energy which might have done something towards impelling the cumbrous machinery of legislation dissipates itself in empty talk. In short, the great lesson which we require to learn at the present day is the emptiness of mere bunkum, and the value of something like order and co-operation. The great lesson which the Social Science Association seems to preach is, that all evils will fall down like the walls of Jericho by the blowing of trumpets, and that without even taking the trouble of blowing them together.

We are suffering from an analogous evil in a more important sphere. When anything goes wrong in our social or political system, and Government is called upon to find a remedy, it invariably tries to shelter itself behind the appointment of a Commission. That there are many cases in which such a system is highly beneficial and appropriate needs no demonstration; but if we go on as we have sometimes been requested to do lately, we shall probably have Commissions to consider whether the monarchy ought to be preserved, whether an hereditary aristocracy is a useful institution, or whether the progress of democracy should be encouraged or opposed. When there is a definite issue of fact, and a chance of deciding it by obtaining appropriate evidence, a Commission may evidently be of the greatest service; but it is hard to see what is gained by a Commission which is merely an elaborate piece of machinery for recording the opinions of a number of people on matters where other people are as well informed as they. It is convenient as a device for shirking responsibility; but it certainly tends very little to producing intelligent action. Now the Social Science Association appears to be a kind of Commission upon things in general, without any power of sending for useful witnesses, or, what is worse, of preventing useless witnesses from delivering their opinions. Is it not probable that it may tend, in the same way as the more official body, to a diminution of the sense of responsibility? Do not the philosophers who have delivered themselves of a certain quantity of rhetoric in the sections go home and give Heaven thanks that they have discharged a solemn duty? Is not eminence in such circles regarded as affording a short cut to the reputation of philanthropy, which renders unnecessary any attention to the dull details of practical work? A man who gains much reputation for public services should show his right to it by a willingness to go through a quantity of disagreeable drudgery. A little spouting at the big debating society offers an easy means of avoiding this severe test, and may enable a mere talent for platitudes to usurp the place in public reputation due to strenuous labours. That, indeed, is the most serious complaint which an impartial spectator would have to urge against the Social Science philosophers. It is scarcely necessary at the present day to set up an additional pedestal for the glorification of every charlatan in philanthropy. There is humbug enough going about, and it is scarcely in want of any new organs for advertising purposes. Why should the Association say in substance—Let anybody who can do a little spouting come to us, and we will do our best to help him into notoriety? We do not wish to give instances, especially as a heavy respectability appears for the most part to be the characteristic peculiarity of the ladies and gentlemen who are now perorating at Leeds; but we think it might not be impossible to quote cases from former meetings where it was difficult to know whether one was more bound to pity the puerile vanity exhibited by certain veteran reformers who figured at the meetings, or to condemn the adulation by which it was fed. From any point of view it was not an edifying spectacle to those who would wish to see a recognition of genuine work in this as in other departments of human labour.

We have thus ventured to express the opinions of those who would broadly condemn the Social Science Association, and we do not conceal a certain sympathy with their sentiments. There is very much about this noisy and obtrusive philanthropy which is irritating to the outside world. It is not exactly an elevating spectacle; and the whole system obviously affords room for pretentious twaddle, and for the enthusiasm which has all run into empty talk instead of well-directed energy. But we admit that there is something more to be said. It is probably true to a certain extent that, as its advocates maintain, the Association does advertise good projects as well as bad ones; and we have become so much accustomed to advertising in all its shapes that it is too late to complain of it. Again, as a mere safety-valve for a certain quantity of bad rhetoric, the Association may be admitted to have some advantages; for if a man likes to make a dull speech

or to air an absurd crotchet, we know no reason why he should not have the harmless gratification. And, finally, to come to that which is its real use and justification, there are a good many dull but most excellent people without a sense of humour, but with some desire of being useful, who make each other's acquaintance on these occasions, enjoy a very mild form of dissipation, and to whom, if they feel that they deserve a rather larger share of gratitude than we should be disposed to yield, it seems rather hard to grudge that moderate satisfaction. Let us hope that they will meet each other with all due solemnity, as though they were members of a real Parliament whose discussions might possibly lead to some definite result; that they will talk as little nonsense as possible, have some pleasant tea-parties or other social gatherings, and combine to carry out, by other means than spouting platitudes, some of those social reforms which are really needed, and which are frequently carried out or materially aided by persons whom we must admit to be in the strictest sense of the word intolerable bores.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

WE remember to have been highly entertained in our childhood with a little book of the Mrs. Barbauld order which bore the title of *Evenings at Home*. Its tales and poems, its "Eyes and No Eyes," its moral and instructive lessons, have wholly vanished, we are afraid, from our minds, but the title remains. Whatever Mrs. Barbauld meant, there can be no doubt that evening, in nine cases out of ten, gives us the idea of home. That subtle mixture of personal comfort, of rest, of family affection, of social enjoyment, of abstraction from the vulgar sides of life, of a tender appreciation of its domestic poetry, which we call "home," seems only to be realized when the bustle of the day is done. A pleasant family morning, a family gathering on the lawn some sunny afternoon, are very delightful things in themselves, but they are not "home." Half the charm of home lies in the sense of contrast, of escape from the business, the pleasure, the distractions of the day. This is the reason that the keenest enjoyment of it is found, not in the man who is always at home, but in the man whose days are spent away from it. The country parson who meets his family at breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner, who jostles against his wife all the morning, and takes his daughters out for a walk in the afternoon, retires quietly to the solitude of his study when the day goes down. Home is the general atmosphere of his life, but he tastes little of its more positive and concentrated delights. The City merchant, on the other hand, or the barrister of Lincoln's Inn, has whirled away to office or chambers from a breakfast-table where he has buried himself in his letters or his paper. He spends the day in an arid wilderness of ledgers or "cases"; busy, hurried, quick-tempered, peremptory, lawyer or man of business from head to foot. The work has got to be done, and he does it keenly and thoroughly; but it is not his life. All the real manhood within him is hung up with his greatcoat on the peg behind the office door. Then there is the stroke of four and a rush to the train. The whole nature of the man seems to change as he leaves his business self in the bank parlour and whirls away "home." He hardly gives a glance out of window as the train rolls over a myriad roofs on its way to the little station in the country. He is content to leave the City and its gutters to the beadle and the philanthropist. His real interest, his natural vivacity and curiosity, waken only in the fields. He knows nothing of the great town he leaves behind him; men amuse themselves with the air of abstraction with which he threads the mazes round the Bank or the courts of the Temple; but he knows every hedge, and every nest in every hedge, in the little nook which his City toil has won. No one would recognise the bustling, absorbed speculator of Mincing Lane in the genial country squire who saunters chatting through the greenhouse or strolls off to take a look at his fowls. The man, in a word, is at home. The light and warmth of his own fireside, the voices of his children, blend themselves with the freshness of these country lanes, the last glory of the sunset as it streams through the coppice, or the songs of birds. The girls come running to him with a kiss of welcome at the gate; a face yet dearer waits quietly for him in the garden; laughter is ringing out from the croquet group on the lawn; "baby" crows to him from his nurse's arms. His very change of costume marks the new ease and comfort which he gains from the sense of being at home. The old felt hat, the old loose coat, the big stick with which he goes off to his chat with the gardener, are an odd contrast to the precision of his dress throughout the day. He idles, and he idles deliberately. His chat is all about a number of little home trifles—the new rose, or the last social squabble in the village, or the triumphant result of "baby's" effort at walking. He has a brisk fight with his eldest daughter for the last volume of the last novel from Mudie's. He wants to hear all about Harry's cricketing score, and tells him of his own famous innings some thirty years ago. He pokes the fire, and hums an irregular accompaniment to the duet which is going on at the piano. He implores the governess to help him to a game of backgammon. Nobody would imagine that the lazy old fellow whom everybody is quizzing is the terrible cross-examiner before whom witnesses shake in their shoes, or that the imbecile father whose youngster is correcting him for his numberless errors in saying "Diggorry Dock" is the profoundest financier among the bank directors. But then financier and barrister are at home.

It is the special privilege of the man of business that his evenings at home last all the year round. There is no doubt a great deal to be said for the enjoyment of a season in town, but it is in fact the abolition of home for at least six months, and those months when the evenings are most charming. The monotonous roll of "compulsory dinners," the helpless wanderings from crush to crush and from ball-room to ball-room, the snatches of prattle which pass for conversation, the casual dropping upon people in corners or on staircases which takes the place of friendship and society, are purchased a little dearly by the sacrifice of every pleasure of home. The squire who yawns through a London season in fatherly consideration for his marriageable girls drums vacantly on his club window till the time comes for the inevitable round. Still the season ends some day, and the evenings of autumn have a specially domestic charm of their own. Summer nights tempt one to wanderings in the cool gloom between the great yew hedges, to solitary thinkings in the stillness, to a certain luxurious isolation and inactivity. But the first touch of winter gathers everybody round the fire. The winter evening is in the truest and closest sense the Evening at Home. What one most misses in it, perhaps, is a little sensible organization. Nobody seems to realize how very hard it is for a number of people to amuse themselves and one another for dozens of nights in succession. There are a few traditions, like those of reading or music, that bring order into the chaos, but the books are chosen haphazard, and the music is left to chance. The family group which began so merrily over the fire breaks up by a series of quiet secessions. Mamma resumes silence and her knitting-needles, Mary wanders off to her music-stool, the schoolboy flings himself on the sofa with a novel, papa is asleep in the easy chair. Everybody yawns with a certain weary relief when the prayer-bell rings, and yet nobody could exactly say why the evening had been so wearisome. The truth is that the bulk of people think that entertainment comes of itself, and that the least organization is the death of any real amusement. The evening is left to arrange itself, and it arranges itself in the way we have described. The boy who loafs about a playground soon finds how wearisome merely casual amusement is, and betakes himself to the organized "game"; and the woman who once set to organizing her evenings at home would soon find that the prayer-bell came too early rather than too late. Variety is the first thing needful for amusement, and a little unwritten programme which arranged conversation, music, reading, and the round game in their due sequence, would be simply introducing into the family party the same principle which is proved by experience to be essential to the success of any public entertainment. Much again may be done with each of these elements of social enjoyment in themselves. Music, for instance, as it is at present employed in evenings at home, is one of the most irritating and annoying things in the world. It is a mere chance which piece is played, or who the composer is, or what the style of music may be. Conceive, instead of this, such a series of evenings as Mr. Chappell gives us at St. James's Hall; now a Beethoven night, now a Mendelssohn, now a Schubert night. Imagine a little thought given to the character and succession of the pieces played, the devotion of five minutes to the arrangement of a dexterous alternation of vocal with instrumental music, or the placing the more scientific pieces at the beginning of the little home concert and a lively glee at the close. These are of course mere hints, but they are hints which turn wholly on the one point, that amusement and a real evening at home can only be got at the cost of a little forethought and a little trouble. Or take the case of reading aloud. Our grandmothers used to gather round the fire and listen patiently to pages of a "classic author." Now-a-days we take the last Mudie's book from the table, plunge into the middle, and make the best of it. There are advantages in either course, but a little tact would combine them both. An essay of De Quincey would be an agreeable relief after Mr. Lecky; it would be amusing to contrast the light persiflage of *Lothair* with the lighter persiflage of *The Rape of the Lock*. We once knew a family where Shakespeare was read in character, as it were, and each member of the circle round the home table took a separate personage in the play. Reading of this kind would give a real basis for conversation. There is no reason in the world that good conversation should be so rare as it is in England, but, as every mistress of a salon in France knows, good talk does not come by accident. We puzzle ourselves, as we listen to the ceaseless gabble of girls on a "call," how any human beings can have fallen into such vacuous imbecility; but the secret of it lies at home. An Englishwoman learns to dress, to dance, or to ride, but she picks up the art of conversation as she can. When the need for talk comes, she finds that conversation is just as difficult an art as that of riding, or dressing, or dancing. She is too plucky to give in, and too shy to hold her tongue, and so she plunges into a goose-like gabble. Men and women will only learn really to converse when conversation, in the true sense of the word, is familiar to them at home. But to converse—in other words, to find fresh subjects and treat them freshly; to preserve a tone of lightness and ease without falling into frivolity; to know how to avoid mere discussion and controversy, and yet to deal with topics of real interest and value; to perceive when a theme is socially exhausted, and when the moment has come for a digression; how to check one member of the circle, or to draw out the other; how to give their proper place even to jest and repartee—all this is no easy matter. It requires, as we urged in the former

cases, forethought and trouble, and a little organization. But we can hardly conceive anything which would contribute in a higher degree to the happiness of an evening at home.

The bachelor in his chambers can only think with a bitter irony of such evenings as we have described. Conversation, music, family readings, are so many inaccessible heavens to the solitary refugee whom the ebb of the season has left stranded on the shore. "Doors where his hand once used to beat" are closed to him, the long array of cards vanishes from his table, the last friend with whom he might have found a chat and a cigar flitted yesterday on his way to the Engadine. Undoubtedly the first evening at home without the prospect of a single knock at the door, the dreary length of hours, the ticking of the clock, the space unbroken by aught but the light spiral smoke from his meerschau, are trying enough to the bachelor. Blessings of a questionable character fall on the engagements that keep him a prisoner in town. But still, little by little, pleasures of his own open on him in these evenings at home. He takes down the old books that never get a chance in the bustle of nine months in the year. He rubs up his Montaigne, he roars again over *Tristram Shandy*, his critical pencil wanders up and down the margins of his Massinger. He begins to feel, however gradually, the charms of solitude and indolence and the absolute liberty of doing what he will. His life groups itself in the quiet, and comes back to him in quaint little vignettes of the past, in dreamy recollections of school-days and college-days, and his first years at the Bar. Old memories revive pleasantly for him; he recollects Jones's wonderful verses, and Brown's marvellous agility on the Finsteraarhorn. He wonders what has become of Robinson, and suddenly finds himself scribbling a letter to Smith, whom he has not seen for ten years and more. Letters, in fact, become possible. There is time now for something besides post-cards and notes. Sisters are gladdened with epistles as long and amusing as of old. His mother blushes like a girl on her birthday morning at receiving the prettiest and most flattering little sonnet in the world. Then, too, there is the pleasure of planning one's life, of writing imaginary books, of attaining imaginary fame. Fancy, so severely held in check by the icy prose of the season, wakes to fresh flights in the poetic stillness of an evening at home. It is possible that he will cease to be a bachelor, that Lily really cares for him, that his cousin's flirtation meant something. Charming little faces come out of the red embers, wondrous little figures come and go in the light smoke-clouds. Chords of pleasant music, voices of little children, chat and laughter, sound somehow in the silence of the desolate chambers. A row of neatly-lettered octavos spreads itself—his own immortal work—along the table; there is his Judge's wig in the chair; he hears the cheers and the hush as he rises for the great speech at St. Stephen's. Dreams, no doubt, but a man may do worse than dream. All those drums and dinners and balls of the last six months seem poor and ridiculous beside this world of happiness and fame. The smoke-wreaths die into the bowl again, the light dies away in the embers, but the bachelor has found a charm in his evening at home.

THE CONGRESS OF OLD CATHOLICS AT MUNICH.

THE Congress which held its sittings during three days at the close of last month in the Glass Palace at Munich has attracted the attention even of those least apt to concern themselves with the details of religious controversy. Nor can anybody wonder that it should be so. Whether we regard the subjects of discussion, the speakers who took part in it, or the widespread and fervent enthusiasm which it represented and evoked, the recent meeting of the *Altkatholiken* can hardly fail to constitute an epoch in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. For fuller particulars of the debate, of which a report is pretty sure to be published, and of its immediate results, we must still be content to wait. But of the general character and aims of the assembly we have already ample information. There are those, no doubt, to whom that information will be far from satisfactory, and who will henceforth feel justified in treating the whole movement with indifference or contempt. If any doubt could have existed on the subject before, it is now made abundantly clear that it is not a Protestant movement. The Old Catholics, while repudiating Papal infallibility and the dogmas which are exclusively based upon it, such as the Syllabus and the Immaculate Conception, are evidently resolved to adhere to the traditional faith of their Church. And there is of course a very large class of Protestants to whom a programme which does not include the rejection of Purgatory, Transubstantiation, the Mass, and other Romish superstitions, as they regard them, will have little interest. They may or may not be right in their theological standard; we shall not discuss it here. But we wish to make two remarks more directly bearing on the recent Munich Congress. In the first place, an influential movement within the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church which promises, not indeed to alter the traditional belief, but very materially to affect the discipline and religious life of that body, does seem to us a matter well worthy the notice not only of professed theologians, or of what is called the religious world, but of all who are interested in the progress of Christian civilization and the future of human, and especially European, society. And, in the next place, we venture to think that the very feature which alienates from this movement the

sympathies of a somewhat narrow and intolerant class of religionists is the best guarantee for its permanence and eventual success. A mere Protestant outbreak like that headed by Ronge and Czernski a quarter of a century ago would perhaps detach a few hundreds or thousands of German Catholics from their allegiance to Rome, soon to be absorbed in the floating mass of indifferentism or rationalism; but it would produce no perceptible effect on the vast community they had left, except by affording a fresh pretext for the growing spiritual absolutism of the Pope and his Jesuit counsellors. A declaration of Protestantism the other day by Döllinger and his friends at Munich would not have been more welcome to Exeter Hall than to the Vatican. It is precisely because they profess themselves Catholics, and insist that they are and intend to remain "thorough members of the Catholic Church," that their resistance to the modern pretensions of Rome is felt to be a serious reality.

And now it is time to say something of the proceedings of the Congress. The names and something of the character of most of the principal speakers will already be familiar to our readers. Of the eminent leader of the movement, Dr. Döllinger—at whose appearance the assembly rose as one man to testify its enthusiastic reverence—we need say nothing here. The chairman, Dr. Schulte, Professor of Canon Law at Prague, is well known throughout Germany for his learning, as well as for his single-minded loyalty to his convictions of truth; he has published more than one work on the Vatican Council. Dr. Friedrich, a man of about thirty-five, but looking much younger, stands alone as a supporter of Döllinger among the Theological Faculty of Munich, and his eloquent countenance bears witness to that impassioned earnestness which is one main secret of oratorical success; he is the editor of the well-known *Documenta ad illustrandum Concilium Vaticanum*, and one of the reputed contributors to the *Letters of Quirinus*. Huber, a lay Professor at Munich, was one of the writers of *Janus*, and has throughout taken a prominent part in the resistance to the new dogma. Micheli, the suspended Professor of Theology at Braunsberg, is an older man and more practised orator than Friedrich, but has lost nothing of his enthusiasm with advancing years, and seems to have electrified the meeting by his piercing eloquence; his face bears marks not only of indomitable resolution, but of massive intellect. Professors Reinkens of Breslau and Langen of Bonn are both known for their learned and searching pamphlets on the invalidity of the Vatican Synod and the incompatibility of its decrees with the teaching of history and of the Fathers of the Church. These, together with the great French preacher, Father Hyacinthe, who addressed the meeting in his own language, were the chief speakers. And considering the variety of temperament and antecedents, there was a remarkable unanimity about their views, which are fairly summed up in the Report of the Committee stating the programme of the Old Catholics, which was read at the opening of the Congress, and finally adopted with some unimportant modifications. It begins with an announcement, which has been absurdly travestied in the English telegrams, that while they are thorough Catholics, they repudiate the dogma of the infallibility and supreme jurisdiction of the Pope—not "the dogma of the infallibility and the highest jurisdiction of the Pope," which is pure nonsense. What they mean is, that they repudiate the infallibility and the supremacy, as distinguished from the primacy, of the Pope. The distinction is very far from being a verbal one. That the see of Rome enjoyed a certain primacy in the early ages is generally admitted, however variously it may be explained; but the universal supremacy of the Pope, giving him "ordinary jurisdiction" over every diocese in Christendom, which Gregory the First disclaimed as a blasphemy and usurpation, has for the time been made an article of faith by the Synod of the Vatican. This is what the Old Catholics reject. They recognise the Roman supremacy "only so far as the same is recognised in the works of the Fathers of the Church and the decisions of Councils;" or, as Dr. Reinkens afterwards explained it, a primacy but not a sovereignty. They express their hope for a reunion of the Catholic with the Eastern Churches, and also eventually with the Protestant and the Episcopal Churches of England and America. They insist on the scientific, or, as we should naturally express it, the liberal education of the clergy, and the removal of the mischievous action of the Jesuits, who are the chief obstacles in its way. And they claim their full right as Catholics to share in all the spiritual privileges and secular endowments of the Church. To one or other of these points the different speakers addressed themselves.

Professor Schulte struck the keynote of the whole debate when he maintained that so profound was his conviction of the falsehood of Papal infallibility that, if he stood alone in the world, he could not accept it. It was simply untrue; but it was their duty to provide that those who thought with them should not thereby be deprived of the offices and sacraments of the Church for themselves and their children. As to the best means of securing these ministrations for those unjustly deprived of the ordinary services of their parish priests, there seems to have been some difference of opinion; but all were agreed in principle that some temporary provision must be made for the purpose when necessary, while on the other hand no step should be taken which could be construed into a voluntary abandonment of the Church and the formation of a new Church or sect in its place. The difficulty arising from the all but universal defection of the episcopate—Bishop Strossmayer appears now to

stand alone in open loyalty to his convictions—might be met, if it continued, by reference to the so-called Jansenist Church of Utrecht, which Dr. Döllinger defended in a learned paper from the charge of Jansenism or other heterodoxy; and a priest of that Church was present to claim communion with the Old Catholics on the basis of their programme. All were agreed in denying the validity of the censures directed against those who reject the Vatican dogmas, and they gave practical effect to their denial by attending a mass celebrated on the Sunday morning by Dr. Micheliis in the little chapel of St. Nicholas, which stands about a mile from the heart of the town, on the opposite bank of the Isar. There was no sermon, but on the same evening Dr. Micheliis delivered in the Glass Palace one of the most striking speeches of the Congress, on that part of the programme which demands the expulsion of the Jesuits. This is evidently felt to be a very vital point, and the speaker urged that it was the duty of citizens, under existing circumstances, to appeal to the civil power against the obnoxious Order. He reminded his hearers that the Jesuits supply the most effective machinery for the practical carrying out of Roman absolutism, and devote all their energies, with this aim, to the destruction of the individual conscience and of all individuality of mind and character. They teach not only the sacrifice of the will but of the intellect (*sacrificio dell' intelletto*) to God, and therefore to the Pope, who is His earthly representative; and they have at present not only the Curia but the episcopate and a great part of the educational organization of the Church under their control. On this account they cannot, it is argued, be dealt with simply as if they were propagating their opinions by ordinary moral means. They are backed up by the full weight of ecclesiastical authority, which is really in their own hands, and it is therefore said to be only a measure of reasonable self-defence to require that the laws against them already existing in Germany should be put in force in the interests both of religion and of culture. The same view was advocated by Professor Reinkens, who pointed out that the Jesuits had laboured to reduce the Church from a living organization to a mere machine, and that they had destroyed the life of the episcopate and the principle of nationality, which ought to find its legitimate expression in the language and religious life of the Church. The participation of the laity in Church affairs, which formed an article in the programme, was also strenuously insisted on by Dr. Döllinger and other speakers.

In order to appreciate the moral significance of the event which we have thus briefly sketched, it must be remembered that the meeting which greeted these addresses with rapturous applause was composed of some thousands of persons, all men, and that the four or five hundred delegates who attended from every part of Germany were drawn from all ranks, ranging from nobles and high State officials to tradesmen, though most of them had enjoyed what is far more common in Germany than in England, a University education. And it must be further remembered, as we said before, that they were not less unanimous or less resolute in affirming their unshaken adhesion to Catholicism than in denouncing what they regard as unauthorised innovations on Catholic belief. "We maintain," they said, "the old constitution of the Church . . . we repudiate the doctrines contained in the Vatican decrees as in direct contradiction with the canon of the Council of Trent, according to which the divinely ordained hierarchy consists of bishops, priests, and deacons. We acknowledge the primacy of the Roman Bishop, as it was acknowledged on Scriptural authority in the old undivided Christian Church by the Fathers and the Councils." And they proceeded to deny that articles of faith can be formulated by the Pope, whether acting alone or with the express or implicit assent of bishops bound by the present oath of unlimited obedience to him, which debars them, if strictly observed, from all freedom of action. Such a protest, emanating from within the Roman Catholic Church, and under the guidance of men whose whole lives are a testimony to the sincerity of their Catholic belief, could not fail to have momentous consequences, even if it were confined to one country. But it is undoubtedly of great importance to its ultimate success that it should transcend any national limitations, and the presence of Father Hyacinthe at the Congress may perhaps be taken as an augury of its assuming a wider character. That he should have been the sole representative of the French Church is of course explicable enough under present circumstances, and it is indeed no small proof of the intensity of his religious convictions that so ardent a patriot should have heartily allied himself with a movement as yet almost confined to the victorious enemies, as he must regard them, of his country. But we were a little surprised to hear nothing of any deputies from Italy at the meeting. If report speaks truly, there is a powerful, though not well organized, party among the Italian clergy and educated laity who sympathize heartily with their German brethren, and their intention of holding a Congress of their own at Florence during this month has been announced in the newspapers. It might therefore have been expected that they would send representatives to Munich. Meanwhile it is creditable to their earnestness in their cause to observe how carefully the Committee of the *Altkatholiken* refrain from the use of language which might seem to give a merely national interpretation to their efforts. Even the prefix of "German" to "Protestant Churches" was rejected, as seeming to limit their desire for the reunion of all separated Christian communities. And now that the movement has for the first time taken definite form, and openly proclaimed its true

character and aims to the world, it may perhaps receive some equally open and definite response from the multitudes who disbelieve, but have hitherto hardly dared to reject, the Vatican Council and its new dogmas, not only in Germany, but throughout Roman Catholic Christendom.

TACTICAL LESSONS OF THE AUTUMN CAMPAIGN.

LAST week we dealt with the general results of the autumn campaign; we now purpose to touch on the tactical lessons to be derived from it. The artillery claims our attention first; and it is satisfactory to find that considerable improvement has taken place in the method of employing that arm. Hitherto actual contact has been mistaken for tactical co-operation, and both horse artillery and field batteries have been so chained to cavalry and infantry that the advantage of being able to deal destruction at distances at which the fire of infantry is innocuous, and cavalry is but a menace, has been in great measure rendered nugatory. As long as the gunners were compelled to accompany their guns on foot, it was evident that field batteries could not venture far in advance of infantry, and thus much time was lost in changing position, during which operation the guns were mute, and consequently useless. That defect in our system is, however, in process of being corrected—indeed, the correction has already partially taken place—and in future the gunners will be carried. This want of mobility has hitherto cramped the action of artillery terribly, and we were glad to see during the late manoeuvres that this valuable arm has been somewhat freed from its thralls. There is still, however, considerable room for improvement. Like a man whose fetters have recently been struck off, the artillery did not seem fully to realize either their freedom or their powers. They continually opened fire on lines of infantry, or even infantry skirmishers, at eight or nine hundred yards, whereas had they increased the distance by four or five hundred yards they could have fired with full effect without any danger of a reply. To fire at skirmishers at all is simply waste of ammunition, and yet over and over again did our artillery engage in a duel with the latter. Then there seemed to be an utter want of either combination or concentration, each battery fighting as it were on its own account. Now the concentrated fire of thirty-six guns is infinitely more effectual than the independent fire of six separate batteries. This fact Napoleon clearly recognised, and by massing his guns in large batteries he frequently produced the most decisive effects. Owing to the short range of artillery in his day, he had no means of procuring concentration of fire save by forming gigantic batteries. Now, however, the increased range of modern ordnance admits of fire being concentrated without actually placing a large number of guns on one spot, and thus diminishes the casualties in the latter considerably. Judging from what was actually done in the recent campaign, and from some of the criticisms published, it would seem that, on the one hand, our gunners are more alive to the risk of forming a long line of guns than to the advantage of obtaining a concentration of fire, which can be effected without assembling guns; and, on the other, that the critics recognise the necessity of concentrating fire, but do not perceive that their object can be accomplished without concentrating the guns themselves. What was evidently required was not so much the independence of captains of batteries, important as that is, as increased latitude of action to the superior officers of that branch. The officer commanding the artillery of each division was, as is customary, a colonel, but the commandant of the artillery of the whole army corps was of no higher rank; he should have been at least a major-general. In our opinion the divisional artillery should never consist of more than two batteries for an infantry division and one for a cavalry division, the rest being formed into a general reserve, and placed under the command of a general officer of artillery, who should receive his orders direct from the commander-in-chief or the chief of the staff. Nor should either of the two latter, as a rule, interfere in details, but confine themselves to indicating the object to be effected. The colonels commanding the divisional batteries should also be accorded considerable latitude, and in their turn they should leave the captains of batteries as much independence as possible as regards details. The general of artillery should never in action be permitted to interfere with the colonels of artillery, otherwise they would be liable to be distracted by contradictory orders.

We regret extremely that no guns of position took part in the late manoeuvres, for it is certain that we require much practice in the employment of those powerful arms. Hitherto it has been an established principle that horse artillery should never move without an escort of cavalry, or field batteries without an escort of infantry. It is evident that, owing to increased range and mobility, this principle admits of considerable modification. Escorts of the strength hitherto employed will no longer be necessary; at the same time it will still be requisite to protect guns from a desperate raid of a few daring horsemen. With this view it would seem to be advisable to attach to each battery a score of Lancers, borne on the rolls of the corps and inseparable from the guns. These men need only be partially trained in gun drill; still, in case of need, they would be able to assist in working the pieces, while their horses, provided with proper harness, could be employed to replace or assist the regular teams. A detachment of this sort would be viewed by the gunners as an infinitely

more effectual escort than one taken for the occasion only from a cavalry regiment, and the batteries would within certain limits be independent of extraneous assistance. In another matter we consider that a reform is called for—namely, in the arms of artillerymen. That the mounted detachment of a horse artillery battery should be provided with swords was proved some sixty years ago by the exploit of Norman Ramsay's troop of horse artillery at Fuentes d'Onor, when unaided it broke through the cloud of French cavalry by which it was enveloped. The limber-men are, however, encumbered by their swords, which they are never called upon to use. In their case the sword should be replaced by revolvers. The same change should be carried out with respect to field artillerymen, excepting as regards the mounted sergeants. The weapon of a gunner is his gun, the weapon of a driver is his whip, and their attention should not be diverted to what may be termed incidental weapons. Ere quitting the subject of artillery, we may observe that, in the first flush of their release from improper restraint, the officers of that arm have shown a disposition to presume on their newly acquired independence. We have heard, for instance, of a field officer who was ordered to proceed on outpost duty with several companies of infantry and two guns. He waited some time for the latter, and at length learnt that they had proceeded to the front by themselves. On active service this childishness might have been punished by capture.

There can be no doubt that we have from the autumn manoeuvres gained some valuable experience in relation to the use of cavalry. We have learnt that cavalry of every description is as necessary a component of an army as it ever was, but that it must be handled and organized in a new fashion. At present our cavalry leaders are but mere apprentices, and the glorious arm at their disposal was in the recent campaign rather an incumbrance to the army than otherwise. In the intervals between the battles the light cavalry very imperfectly performed their duty as purveyors of intelligence, and on the day of battle the chief object of every one appeared to be to get our squadrons out of the way both of harm and of the other branches of the service. It is very evident that masses of cavalry will for the future be only used exceptionally, and that they must be kept in reserve until the decisive moment. It is at the same time clear that small bodies of horsemen—not exceeding at the outside four strong squadrons—can often be employed with great advantage in combination with the first line of infantry. These bodies must, as in Prussia, be attached to the divisions, and be kept under cover of a hill, a wood, or a village, till the critical moment, when their action must be short, sharp, and decisive. Exposed for any length of time to the fire of either infantry or artillery, cavalry would be, if in close order, annihilated. Its only chance seems to be to approach under cover of the ground to within a short distance of either artillery or infantry, and then hurl at the enemy a couple of squadrons in pursuing order, supported by the rest of the regiment in line. To charge either artillery or infantry in front at all, unless it can be approached without discovery, would be madness. By a sudden swoop on the flank, however, or even a direct attack when, from the nature of the ground, the enemy's fire cannot take effect till within 200 yards distance, great things can still be effected. In the concluding battle of our sham campaign we had a proof of this. A body of cavalry suddenly appeared over the brow of a hill, and dashed at the skirmishers of the 42nd Highlanders, who, startled at the apparition, hastily proceeded to form rallying squares. The dragoons were, however, upon them before they could complete the movement, and, had the contest been a real one, would have sabred them to a man. The Highlanders have been blamed for forming square. They ought, it is said, to have remained steady, and have trusted to the effect of their fire. Setting aside, however, the moral effect of the sudden appearance of a body of horsemen charging down at full speed, the Highlanders could not at the outside have fired more than twice, and that hurriedly, and under any circumstances they would have been annihilated. To sum up, it appears that even more independence must be accorded to cavalry than to artillery officers; for if the moment of action be not promptly seized, a charge is worse than useless. Only such small bodies as can be easily covered from the sight and fire of the enemy should be employed with the front line. The idea that a completely level plain is favourable to the action of cavalry is a mistake, for under such circumstances they would, during the whole of the advance, be exposed to fire. Slightly undulating ground is infinitely better. Horse artillery, as a rule, would be better employed with the reserve than used in conjunction with cavalry.

Our infantry displayed most of its usual admirable qualities, but at the same time, equally with the other two branches, it failed to recognise fully the altered conditions of war. Skirmishers remained too far off from opposing batteries; at such a distance, indeed, that their fire would have been almost innocuous. Again, skirmishers did, as a rule, take advantage of cover, but rather as the result of drill than of individual instinct or intelligence. Frequently they might have been seen gathering in clusters behind a bush which gave them but illusory cover, and on the occasion of the first battle of the campaign they pushed forward in a manner which argued more dash than discretion. The pedantic rules laid down in the "Field Exercise" were but little observed. According to these rules, the commander is to name the men in each section of skirmishers who are to fire. To prevent a man who has a good opportunity from

firing, or to order a man to fire who perhaps can see no enemy to aim at, is absurd. Such a practice could not; it was evident, be kept up on service, and even in our sham campaign it was tacitly abandoned. As to infantry lines, they committed two especial faults. They stuck too long to cover, frequently regarding more their dressing than the shape of the ground, and, when engaged on level ground with other infantry, continued blazing away without any thought of a charge. In actual war the result would have been either that one of the two opposing bodies, finding the fire intolerable, would have fallen back—and this would have been the more probable result—or that, owing to the mutual inertness, much unnecessary slaughter would have taken place. Our infantry showed, moreover, great want of promptitude in firing when opportunity offered. It is certain that now more than ever the first volley is everything. We beheld on the Fox Hills two regiments drawn up in line opposite each other with only a space of two hundred yards between them, and yet the order to fire was given as deliberately as if it had been a mere case of target practice. On that occasion, whichever regiment had fired first would simply have wiped out its adversaries. Volley firing by companies was not employed, the men being permitted to fire independently. Consequently it was with the utmost difficulty that the officers could stop the firing; in fact, the men were for the time utterly out of hand. Many other lessons were afforded by the campaign, but we defer to another occasion a consideration of several important matters which have not yet been noticed.

ADVENTURE SCHOOLS.

II.

SAD and dreary as is the character of the streets and buildings in the poorest districts of London, yet occasionally in the desert of monotony a little oasis may be found redolent of a past century. Sometimes the lane which has forgotten all its old habits save that of winding expands into a common or green, where life is confined to the patriarchal donkey, tethered in the middle. Two or three large elms, dying perhaps, but not without a certain green semblance of vitality, group themselves in one corner. In another stands an old house, with gates of well-wrought iron-work, supported by heavy stone pillars, on the tops of which are two lions uprearing the family shield, very imposing, though perhaps a little affected by the smoke. Further on are some Georgian houses of mellow brick, now divided into cottages, their gardens bright with laburnum, lilac, and hawthorn, and retaining little that is suggestive of the merchant who once lived there. Next door a large brass plate, fixed to the millings, announces the fact that a seminary for young ladies is conducted within. Some minutes elapse before the door is opened, for it may be broadly stated that the genius who presides over seminaries is suspicious of men. It is her mother in this case who makes her appearance, and wishes to know what is wanted. A long explanation follows, conducted with patience on the doorstep, resulting in the statement that the daughter is engaged in instruction, and cannot attend to any other business. More explanations ultimately produce the daughter, who shakes her black locks indignantly and defiantly at her visitor, and whose personal appearance conveys the impression that she must have been hiding in a cellar during several months to escape the inquisition of the census. She is who "instructs the young ladies"; she thinks it exceedingly tiresome that any more questions should be asked, does not see the use of it, or that it can matter, and supposes that parents may do as they please with their own children. Frightened, however, by the long words which practice has enabled her visitor to pronounce with fluency, she says he may look at her school in a few minutes, and ushers him into the front parlour, adding that it is too tiresome that she should lose her time in this way. The front parlour has a piano, a round mahogany table, on which are two volumes of congregational hymns, an arm-chair, and a few antimacassars; it is evidently the room in which the parents of the young ladies make arrangements for their education. The mother appears and re-appears with a duster, and groans. But where is the seminary, and where are the young ladies? At last the daughter comes and says, "You can see my young ladies now," an interval of five minutes having doubtless enabled her to give the requisite *decorum pellis*. The road is through the back kitchen into a strip of garden ground, and the question again recurs as to the locale of the seminary. At the end of the garden is a little wooden shed of the most heterogeneous construction; it might have been originally intended to serve as shelter for a perambulator. It is fifteen feet long and about seven wide, with a roof which goes up and down in a manner which defies mensuration. Inside this are the young ladies, sitting on the narrowest of benches round a stove which gives out a suffocating heat. The window will do anything but open; could not the door be induced to admit some air? A smile appears upon the face of the teacher at this suggestion, as much as to say, "You little know the constitution of young ladies; it will kill them all; but never mind, pray go on." There is barely room to turn round, and the teacher monopolizes the only chair, plunged in a state of sulky abstraction, and assuming the air of a victim. A seat can only be obtained by heaping a few of the children judiciously one upon the other, at the corner of a bench, from which it may be seen whether anything can be supposed still needful for the purposes of education, leaving out of the question the fact that the

place is a seminary. It is evidently a most unfortunate moment; the window was just going to be mended, the drain was just going to be altered; the mistress is amazed at the answers given by her young ladies; they can all answer such questions at other times with perfect ease. It is clear that some malevolent fairy must have touched the seminary with a wand; had the visit only been made on any other day, at any other hour, the place would have appeared an island of calm delights, the teacher a benignant and amiable fairy, surrounded by nymphs as conversant with the heights of mountains as with the depths of rivers, to whom no department of perfectly useless knowledge would have been unfamiliar.

As it is, the instruction is not all that could be wished; it is more easy to describe their knowledge negatively than positively; more easy to say what they are ignorant of than what they know. Here is a young lady of fourteen, who is described as having only just entered the establishment, and very backward, but who in all probability has acted as monitor for the last seven years. Whatever may be the truth of the first statement, the second admits of no contradiction. She is not in the least shy, which pains the mistress, who hints at intervals that her scholars are nervous. There is little doubt that a young lady is required to be nervous, and that she hardly ever is so; we may add that this generalization, though bold, is the result of a study of many specimens. The big girl can read and write, but breaks down somewhat in her arithmetic. Her sums attain a prodigious length and a marvellous result, owing to her inviolable habit, shared by her companions, of writing down such a number as four thousand two hundred and twenty-one in the following elementary manner—400020021. When the mistress sees this, she observes that the method is new to the young ladies, and when Miss Rosa boldly asserts that Yorkshire is in South Wales, and that London is on the Tyne, she remarks that at present they are engaged in the geography of Europe. The credulous passer-by who sees advertisements to the effect that French is taught in the neighbouring seminary may be under the impression that somebody is familiar with the language. This is not at all so. A French grammar is occasionally part of the educational furniture out of which a few words are mispronounced, and it is hard to say whether the young lady or her mistress perverts the sound more successfully. On the other hand, the young ladies and young gentlemen, in conformity with the wishes of their parents, the neighbouring grocer and publican, are designated respectively miss and master, and the prospectus issued contains the most formidable list of attainments, from calisthenics to an acquaintance with physical sciences, or "physocal" sciences, as one teacher of a "select school for young ladies" prefers to write them. Many of the children are often quick and bright, and if Miss Rosa were not a young lady, she would be a very nice child, with her profusion of golden hair, her pretty face, and her string of blue beads. The young gentleman next to her in knickerbockers deserves a better fate also; but his parents, says the mistress with an indignant toss of the head, would never allow him to go to a common school—the boys are rough there, and none of her scholars would ever think of going to such a place. Nothing pains a mistress so much as an inquiry into the position or employment of the children's parents. In business? It is quite untrue; they are very "obliging, and as they happen to understand the subject, they collect groceries and spirits on all sides, bring them home, and give them to their friends for money." Caste is very strong, and the gentility of a cellar kitchen is preferable to the indignity of association with inferiors, though light and space and air and education may be the conditions of the latter state. The seminary looks upon sewing as beneath contempt, and only does fancy work—most justly so called, if it implies that a wild stretch of imagination is required to conceive of its ever being useful for any possible purpose. The number of brass plates announcing the existence of these establishments is appalling, while quantities are springing up daily. Not unfrequently the teacher, peering through the half-closed door, conscious of the deficiencies of her establishment, asserts that "there is no occasion, it is not worth while; another day would suit her better, for things are not quite tidy"; sometimes hazarding the opinion, in which she is not far wrong, that inspection is a nuisance. Occasionally the situation is one which might make even the Besieged Resident shy. What is to be said to an infuriated woman with dishevelled curls, who runs into the middle of the road and says that "it is worse than the Inquisition, that it is outrageous, most outrageous, and that she well knows the tricks of Government, whose desire it is to shut up all other schools in order to fill its own"? The manad, though answered in the most deprecatory manner by allusions to the paternal character of a wise Government, and frequent quotations from the instructions issued by the Education Department, still rages on, until, finding herself the centre of an amused but unsympathetic audience, she retires to her seminary sulky but relieved.

There are other excitements than these to be experienced. Here in a miserable street is a dirty house, where everything connected with the place has an indescribable look of disease; the paint is off the door, which itself is half off its hinges; the plaster is cracking round it, and a stray brick is ready to fall on the smallest provocation; the window panes are mostly broken, and the open door enables the whole house to be seen almost at one glance, with its narrow passage, its fragments of paper hanging from the walls, its old discoloured whitewash, and its perpendicular staircase, the only playground of half-a-dozen

children. Of course there is a knocker, and a weary-looking woman answers its sounds. She used to keep a school, but she had lost a child from smallpox, and thought it therefore prudent to discontinue it for the present. Would she have assistance from Government? In the next street, a whole ragged school has taken flight, so severe have been the ravages from smallpox in the immediate neighbourhood. The official, in a moment of weak patronage, suggests his hope to a mother, who is sitting on the doorstep opposite, that the two children who are rolling in the gutter have been vaccinated. "I have lost two from illness, and those two have just had it," is the reply, which leaves nothing further to be said. It is natural enough that the poor should have recourse to euphemisms, and illness is the recognised equivalent for smallpox. "My daughter is ill," says a school-master; "she helps me in teaching, so we have given our scholars a holiday just now." The man evidently wishes the information to be kept from his neighbours, and endeavours to place his mouth in contact with his visitor's ear, which nothing but the continual revolution of an umbrella can prevent. Here the landlady calls the teacher to answer the inquiries made about her school, though her appearance at once discloses the reason why, "for the present," the school must be given up. Here is a school which is pleased to call itself "A Collegiate Establishment," of a peculiarly dirty aspect. The door is opened by an untidy man and still more untidy woman; on entering the house there is a strong smell of carbolic acid and a noise of many children. Nobody is ill, they assert, but on pressure they admit that a child is suffering upstairs from inflammation of lungs, and after a little more pressure they own that their two children have just returned from the neighbouring smallpox hospital, with the qualification that the cases were very slight ones. "Maria!" "Fanny!" calls the mistress, and the two recently discharged patients rush forward into the passage, and begin to play round the startled official. Maria is evidently much pleased at seeing a little society, as for some time she has probably not been accustomed to have a keen interest taken in her personally. "You are afraid," ejaculates the mistress to her visitor, who to her surprise willingly admits it, assuring her that he has no wish whatever to see any more of Maria. They had given holidays on account of the illness, but could not afford to continue them any longer, and the school had therefore re-assembled the preceding week; "they must make a living."

When the collection of the children's pence is thus the primary and indeed the sole object, it is not to be wondered at if the want of education is only to be equalled by the want of educational furniture. Some of these schools changed their character early in the year, and by raising their weekly fees to twopence and a shilling placed themselves outside the jurisdiction of the Act and the province of inspection. There is no reason, however, to suppose that any other change has taken place, or that the middle-class school so constituted is likely to have benefited by the alteration, and become more efficient because its terms are higher. Many of these establishments indeed have been given up, but, on the other hand, others are springing into existence from which no returns have been received. We can only hope that inspection will extend itself to these as well as to the higher class, though we do not know what provision can be made for continuing such inquiries permanently. The system of certificates might perhaps be carried further, and licences to keep a school be required, before the receipt of which it should be incumbent upon the applicant to prove that she possessed the necessary accommodation and was able to fulfil the requisite conditions for the purposes of education. As it is, the school is first started, to be then condemned; yet the condemnation cannot take effect until the new rate-provided schools have been built, and until the whole compulsory powers given by the Act are put into force. Obstacles will even then intervene. By the 74th section the first reasonable excuse which the parents of children may plead for not complying with the by-laws of a School Board requiring them to "cause their children to attend school" is—"that the child is under efficient instruction in some other manner." The parents may consequently state that their children are receiving satisfactory education in schools which have either not been inspected, or by an alteration in their premises have endeavoured to comply with the requirements of the Education Department. In each case a separate inquiry will then have to be made into the particular school in question, and a fresh amount of labour will devolve upon the Board or the Department. The difficulties of the question are only just beginning, but in proportion to the knowledge gained will be the conclusion that we cannot afford to put off grappling with them. No small amount of interest attaches itself to the dame who keeps thirty children out of the streets and herself from pauperism by her exertions, and who says without complaint that she supposes she shall go to the workhouse when her school is taken away from her; but nobody can pity the fate that may overtake the shabby gentility, dirt, inefficiency, and ignorance of Dotheboys Hall. On the subject of private schools we have not sufficient space to enter at present.

THE COMMITTEE ON PATENTS.

THE Select Committee of the House of Commons on Letters Patent has not concluded its inquiry, but the evidence which it has already published furnishes a tolerably complete view of

the whole subject and of the various arguments which have to be weighed against each other in arriving at a conclusion upon it. The ground has been so far cleared for the discussion of this question that there is at least a general agreement as to the nature of the issue which has to be determined. The idea that an inventor has an abstract right to a monopoly of his invention appears to be pretty well exploded. It is now recognised that the patent law is merely a bargain between the public on the one hand and inventors on the other, and that it rests simply and solely on considerations of public convenience and expediency. Nothing can be more absurd than to speak of the protection which is afforded by a patent as a natural right; it is not a right, but a privilege, an act of grace and favour on the part of the community. An inventor has a right to the exclusive enjoyment of his invention as long as he can keep it secret, provided that in the meanwhile no other person hits upon the same device. But when an inventor asks the public to guarantee him against the risk of his secret being discovered, either by a spy or by an independent inventor pursuing an original line of research, he is obviously asking for something which the public has a right to grant or refuse just as it happens to suit its own interests, and for which, if granted, it is entitled to impose its own terms. The suggested analogy between the copyright of a book and the protection of a patent breaks down at the very first step. In the first place, it is quite impossible that two men could independently write exactly the same book—the same in ideas, arrangement, and expression; whereas it is not only conceivable, but a matter of frequent and familiar occurrence, that two men, working at a great distance apart and without any communication, may invent substantially the same thing at almost the same moment. In the next place, a literary copyright allows every one to make the fullest use of the ideas embodied in the book, short of their reproduction in the same order and language, and to work out any train of thought which may be suggested by it. But a patent is an absolute bar to the use of the contrivance in question, either in whole or in part, either as a supplement to an existing process or as the starting-point of a new course of invention. A good deal has been said about the injury inflicted on inventors by the delusive hopes which are encouraged by the issue of patents; but if it can be shown that patents are, on the whole, an advantage to the community, by stimulating the exercise of skill and ingenuity, foolhardy inventors must be left to take care of themselves. It is not the business of the public to ensure large fortunes to inventors or to protect them from the consequences of their own imprudence. The whole question is whether patents, in point of fact, conduce to the public interest—that is to say, whether by conceding this protection to inventors the community obtains the benefit of a larger number of useful inventions than would otherwise be produced. It appears, therefore, that the question is one of fact rather than argument, and the most interesting and instructive portion of the evidence taken by the Committee is that which relates to the practical working of the system.

The gist of the evidence may be summed up as follows:—Mr. Webster and Mr. Aston, barristers, with a good deal of patent practice, in defending the present law, insist upon the more rigid enforcement of the provisions of the Act of 1852 in regard to the preliminary examination of specifications. Mr. Bessemer, Mr. Holden, and Mr. Nasmyth, who are practical and successful inventors, are in favour of the continuance of the existing system. Sir R. Palmer, M. Schneider of Creuzot, Sir W. Armstrong, and Mr. McFie—the last three being manufacturers, and two of them inventors—advocate the abolition of patents. M. Schneider, however, doubts whether the time has yet arrived for the absolute withdrawal of this kind of protection, and Sir W. Armstrong and Mr. McFie would establish a system of Government rewards. Lord Romilly also looks to public rewards to compensate inventors. Mr. Grove, the eminent patent lawyer, who is not only a lawyer but a man of science, thinks it would be much better to abolish patents altogether than to prolong the present system, but he would give it a further trial in a modified form, allowing patents only for really important inventions, and requiring public proof of novelty and utility before a patent was granted. It is impossible within the limits of our space to go over the evidence of each of these witnesses, but we will endeavour to give a general idea of the line of argument or experience represented by the different parties. Mr. Aston has stated very ably and succinctly the theoretical arguments in favour of patents. He contends that they stimulate invention by assuring inventors a reward for their labour and expenditure, and enabling them to obtain the use of capital for their experiments; that but for this protection inventions would be kept secret, and thus not only might some of them be lost, but the general progress of invention would be retarded through ignorance of what had been or was being done; and that patents are incidentally of advantage as supplying a permanent public record of inventions. Mr. Bessemer's testimony, derived from his own experience as an inventor, supports these propositions. There can be no question of the national importance of his process of making steel by the introduction of atmospheric air into the fluid metal. It has multiplied sixfold the production of steel in this country, and reduced the price 20*l.* or 30*l.* a ton. Mr. Bessemer in perfecting his invention spent about 20,000*l.* and the anxious labour of five or six years. When the invention was first brought out there were some practical difficulties in working it which created a prejudice against it, and two or three years afterwards, when Mr. Bessemer

had overcome these difficulties, he found that the only means of getting it taken up was by establishing a manufactory of his own, and selling his steel in the market. When the manufacturers found that he could produce steel 20*l.* a ton cheaper than they could, they were glad to purchase licences to use his process. It appears that when Mr. Bessemer first offered his licences for sale he had no difficulty in raising 26,000*l.* in this manner, and the greater part of this sum was spent in completing his experiments. It has been estimated that previously to the partial expiry of his patents, twenty-six in all, Mr. Bessemer was deriving an income of some 200,000*l.* from this source. "Of course," he told the Committee, "I had a large stake to play for; but had it not been for the patent law, I should never have dared to embark in the iron trade, that I knew nothing of, and compete with every manufacturer who could use my invention without the cost and the risk I myself had been subjected to, because he would have known everything at once. I had had to dig it out at great cost." Mr. Bessemer's personal experience on this question does not stop here. He has been for nearly thirty years "a secret manufacturer"—that is to say, he has a secret process of manufacturing a particular article, on which he makes 300 per cent. profit. When he first set up his machinery for this purpose he had the pieces separately constructed in different parts of the country, fitted them together himself—a labour of nine months—put Chubb's locks on his doors, and engaged three or four persons in whom he had confidence, at high wages, to keep his secret, and "they had kept it sacredly for twenty-eight years." Again, Mr. Bessemer's father also had a secret method of extracting gold from the "colour-water" in which jewellers dip gold articles to remove spots; and this secret died with him. It appears to have been an anticipation of the electrotype process. Another of the Bessemer family secrets related to a combination of metal for type founding; in order to throw people off the scent, the types were of a peculiar shape, and it was pretended that this was the cause of their excellence. It may be inferred from this evidence that inventors can, with a little ingenuity, protect themselves in the absence of patents, and that, if anybody suffered, it would be the public, which would thus be deprived of the information contained in the published specifications.

Sir Roundell Palmer's arguments against patents are familiar to readers of the Parliamentary debates. His evidence is only a reproduction in greater detail of his speech in the House of Commons. He believes that the public loses more by the obstruction to the arts and manufactures which arises from the multiplicity of patents, especially of patents which move step by step, than it gains by the stimulus to invention which may in some cases be supplied by patent rights. His experience when Attorney-General impressed him with the idea that the demands of the day generally determine the current of invention, and that those demands are met for the sake, not of such rewards as may be derived from a patent, but of meeting some urgent want in art or manufacture. This is also M. Schneider's opinion. "In my industrial career," he says, "which is more than forty years long, I knew only a very limited number of cases in which an industrial invention belongs to any one in particular, represents a work of genius, and is at the same time a great service rendered to the public, and which could not the next day have been rendered by somebody else." Sir W. Armstrong also holds that "the demand creates inventions, and patented inventions are often premature guesses at things that are perfectly certain to be found out when the occasion for them arises." He complains of the obstructive effect of multitudinous patents, framed without check or criticism so as to cover as much ground as possible, and to prevent other inventors from even approaching the subject. He has repeatedly found himself embarrassed in a course of investigation by frivolous and useless patents, and "one of the hardships of the present system is that a man is forced to become a patentee whether he will or not, otherwise he may be deprived of his own invention." "In the first place, his own secret may be discovered and taken up by another man's patent, or another man may come in and engraft a small improvement, and the result is that the original and main invention is covered by the improvement, and the patentee of the improvement becomes possessed of the whole." Mr. Grove also bears witness to the obstructive effects of the present system. "When I had more time," he said, "to devote to chemistry, electricity, photography, &c., than I have now, I doubt whether there was a single day, certainly not a week, in which in my amateur laboratory I did not infringe patents, and in law I was liable, because in law everybody who uses a patent is liable as an infringer." It is undoubtedly a serious objection to the system that a man who is working at a subject perhaps of scientific rather than commercial interest cannot pursue his researches without fear of being pounced upon as an infringer at almost every step in his course of experiments; but it is an objection which relates to an abuse, and not to the principle, of patent rights. Whether patents are on the whole for the benefit or to the detriment of public interests, there can be no question that the present system is disgraceful and intolerable. As a rule, patents are granted on application without discrimination or inquiry, and for the most frivolous and trivial objects. It is often impossible, without costly and uncertain litigation, to ascertain where one invention ends and another begins, and those who reap the greatest advantage from the system are not *bona fide* inventors, but the concoctors of "fishing" patents, which are drawn up either with a view to extortion for pretended infringements, or in order to cover the ground in anticipation of some invention which is expected to be soon

matured. It is impossible to resist Mr. Grove's argument that, if patents are to be continued, it can only be on the condition that they shall be limited to matters of genuine novelty, and of undoubted advantage to the public. The greater part of the 2,300 contrivances for which patents are issued yearly are not, properly speaking, inventions at all, and are not of the slightest value to the community. It is ridiculous that patents should be issued for all kinds of trumpery locks and clasp buckles and such-like foolish little "fads." The evil of the system is, that in order to reward a few real benefactors of mankind, an inordinate and mischievous privilege is granted to a great many persons who are not entitled to any reward at all. It does not follow, however, that because this system is faulty patents should be abolished altogether. What is wanted is a tribunal competent to discriminate between real inventions and sham ones; and the enforcement of the Act of 1852 as to preliminary examinations, which is recommended by Mr. Samuelson's Committee, may help to elucidate the problem.

ULM.

AMONG many campaigns of which the Black Forest and the country around Ulm have been the theatre, the most remarkable is that of 1796, in which the Archduke Charles of Austria successfully contended against the French Generals Jourdan and Moreau. The skilful use of a central position enabled the Archduke with inferior forces to defend the valley of the Danube, and finally to drive his assailants back over the Rhine. At the outset of the campaign the Austrians and French confronted each other on the Rhine from Basle to Düsseldorf. The French possessed only one fortified bridge, that of Düsseldorf. The Austrians had one at Mayence and another at Mannheim. If either party wished to cross elsewhere they must force a passage or throw bridges. The Austrians had intended to assume the offensive by an advance towards the Moselle. But the successes of Napoleon in Italy obliged the Austrians to withdraw troops from Germany, and the offensive movement became no longer practicable. The French Directory, anxious to transfer the burden of the war to Germany, ordered their generals to cross the Rhine. Jourdan accordingly threw part of his army across at Düsseldorf, and, pressing back the Austrian troops opposed to him so as to clear the right bank of the river as far as Neuwied, he crossed there with his main army. This movement drew the Archduke from Mayence towards the Lahn to oppose Jourdan, and in his absence Moreau passed the river above Kehl by flying bridges and boats. At this point the interest of this celebrated campaign begins. The Austrian troops which the Archduke had left behind him when he moved northwards posted themselves so as to defend against Moreau the passes which lead from the valley of the Rhine through the Black Forest to the valley of the Danube. The Archduke, returning southwards, formed a skilful plan of campaign, and put it vigorously in execution. His first object was to unite his army on the Danube, and accordingly he ordered the troops which were guarding the passes of the Black Forest to fall back on Ulm, while he marched with the force under his immediate command towards the same point by the upper valley of the Neckar. These movements of retreat being executed by the Austrians, the French under Moreau advanced in pursuit of them as far as Stuttgart, and thence pushed towards the Danube, reconnoitring the country, which was then very imperfectly known to them, as they proceeded. Meanwhile Jourdan, with the French army of the Lower Rhine, had advanced from the Lahn to the Main, and had successively occupied Frankfurt, Würzburg, and Nuremberg, pushing before him General Wartensleben, whom the Archduke had left in command in the north when he moved southward to look after Moreau. But when Jourdan had reached Nuremberg, and had advanced thence further eastward to Amberg, he was within striking distance of the Archduke, who was now upon the Danube, between Donauwörth and Ingoldstadt. The Archduke, after uniting his forces as he had designed at Ulm, had marched thence down the Danube to the point where the Lech joins it, while Moreau cautiously pursued him. He now left General Latour to defend the line of the Lech from Augsburg to Rain against Moreau, while he crossed the Danube and moved rapidly to the north-east to fall upon the flank of Jourdan at Amberg. At the same time he sent orders to General Wartensleben to stand fast on the line of the Naab, east of Amberg, and to be ready to push Jourdan on the least appearance of retreat. The effect of this combination was to drive Jourdan through Nuremberg to Bamberg. In attempting to gain the Würzburg road he brought on a battle, in which he was defeated. He was thus compelled to continue his retreat by the north bank of the Main, while the Austrians moved by Aschaffenburg on Frankfurt. The French General Marceau, who was blockading Cassel, opposite to Mayence, raised the blockade, and fought a battle with the Austrians, in which he received a mortal wound. Visitors to Coblenz will remember Marceau's monument, and Byron's lines referring to it. Ultimately the Archduke drove Jourdan over the Rhine, and then turned once more to the south to look after Moreau, whom we left facing Latour on the Lech.

Moreau forced the passage of that river, but did not advance beyond it. The Archduke had said that Moreau must be allowed to advance even to Vienna while he was disposing of Jourdan, but although Moreau was the most able of French generals after

Napoleon, he could make no use of this opportunity beyond inflicting a defeat upon Latour. In those days news travelled slowly, and Moreau was not informed of Jourdan's disaster until it was almost too late to extricate himself from the perilous position in which it placed him. He had withdrawn from the Lech up the Danube towards Ulm, in preparation for the retreat which soon became imperative. The Austrian garrison of Mannheim, set free by the Archduke's success, was preparing to occupy the passes in his rear; the army of Latour was pressing him in front, while the Archduke, returning from his pursuit of Jourdan, had crossed the Neckar and was threatening his flank. Thereupon he determined to disembarass himself of Latour, and then to force the passes before the Austrian troops occupying them should be supported by the Archduke. Accordingly he attacked and defeated Latour at Biberach, which is now a station on the railway between Ulm and the Lake of Constance, and thence he commenced his retreat through the Black Forest. In spite of all the Austrians could do, he forced his way by the Höllenthal to Freiburg, where he found himself between the mountains and the Rhine, face to face with the Archduke. After severe fighting Moreau got his army across the Rhine at Huningen, below Basle, and the campaign terminated. It placed the Archduke Charles, who was then only twenty-five years old, in the highest rank of generals. We shall see hereafter that his capacity for command became impaired before the age at which men in general attain the perfection of their intellectual powers. But at his best he was equal to Moreau and almost equal to Napoleon. Indeed the Duke of Wellington is reported to have said that he was the greatest general of the age until attacked by illness. His reputation in England is largely due to Colonel Hamley, who, in his *Operations of War*, has clearly explained wherein consists the merit of this campaign. It might be said that when the Archduke left Latour on the Danube the situation merely became reciprocal; for though he was about to outnumber Jourdan, yet Moreau equally outnumbered Latour, and therefore a blow struck on one side might be balanced on the other. But there were two circumstances in favour of the Austrian commander. The first was, that Moreau remained for many days ignorant of the Archduke's design, and conceived himself still to be opposed by the same numbers as before, thus giving the Austrian general time to strike his first blow; and, secondly, the direction of the Archduke's march menaced Jourdan's communications, and compelled him to retreat *apart* from Moreau; whereas if Latour were compelled to retreat, he would fall back *towards* the Archduke, giving and receiving support. When Jourdan had been driven beyond the Rhine, the Archduke by a march parallel to that river struck at the communications of Moreau. And even if Jourdan, on learning the Archduke's departure, had been in a condition to recross the Rhine, still the containing force left there, backed on the Archduke, would have kept Jourdan beyond the Main until the blow against Moreau had taken effect. This simple explanation, which we have borrowed from Colonel Hamley's work, will enable any returned tourist who has brought back a map of Southern Germany to appreciate the strategy of the Archduke Charles.

We linger with something like fond regret over the scene of this brilliant and almost solitary example of Austrian military skill. It is impossible not to admire the gallantry and devotion of the unfortunate armies which lost so many battles on this familiar ground. Deserted by some of the German States, and openly opposed by others, Austria still fought under heavy discouragement and cruel loss the battle of Germany and all Europe against France. Her soldiers were generally better than her generals, and if she found a man of remarkable ability like the Archduke Charles, she usually provided a council of blockheads to control him. But let us do just honour to her pluck. In the language of the prize ring, she came up smiling after every successive knockdown blow. Whatever we may think of the wisdom of the successive coalitions against the first Republic and Empire of France, we ought not to forget that Austria loyally adhered through many years of almost unmitigated disaster to the policy of England. She well repaid the debt of gratitude which was incurred by Marlborough's march to save the Empire. But let us return to the military history of the upper valley of the Danube. The naval victory of Nelson at the Nile had the effect of encouraging Austria to try once more the fortune of war by land in a fresh coalition against France, and in 1799 the Archduke found himself again in command of an army in this well-known country opposed to his old enemy Jourdan. Near the north-western extremity of the Lake of Constance is the town of Stockach, "a highly strategic position," as a military writer calls it, being the point of intersection of the roads by which an army can invade the valley of the Danube either from the east, south, or north. The Archduke did not in this campaign occupy the passes of the Black Forest, probably because the French, who had now ceased to regard the neutrality of Switzerland, could have operated by way of the Forest Towns upon his flank. He allowed Jourdan to advance as far as Stockach, and there fought with him a long day's battle, of which the result was that the French general retreated without pausing until he had recrossed the Rhine. The Archduke then assailed Massena in Switzerland, while the Russian Marshal Suwarrow, at the head of an Austro-Russian army in Italy, gained the great battle of Novi, and, in the absence of Napoleon, who had gone to Egypt, brought the French armies in that country to the verge of ruin. But, by an inexplicable influence, these two able generals were withheld from energetic co-operation. The campaign

ended without the results which had been expected from the successes of its opening, and next year Suwarrow was dead and the Archduke was in disgrace, while Napoleon had returned from Egypt, and taken command in Italy, having Moreau to co-operate with him upon the Rhine. Moreau being able to treat Switzerland as well as France as his base of operations, assailed the valley of the Danube from the south. The Austrian General Kray, whom his Government had substituted for the Archduke, was a brave soldier unequal to his position. Moreau made him believe that the attack would come from the west through the Black Forest, and thus induced him to divide his army beyond the power of rapid concentration. Yet he fought four severe battles, of which the scene of one was of course Stockach, before he allowed Moreau to gain the valley of the Danube above Ulm. Moreau then proceeded by a series of skilful manœuvres to draw Kray from his strong position at Ulm, and ultimately forced him to retreat behind the Inn. Yet there was always in the lowest deep a lower deep in Austrian affairs. In an evil hour the Archduke John, who had been appointed to succeed Kray, conceived the idea of signalizing his accession to high command by an offensive movement. He quitted the strong line of the Inn, and advanced on Munich. Involved in the dense forest of Hohenlinden, amid the snow, mud, and darkness of a winter day, the Austrian army was not merely defeated, but ruined by Moreau. The scene of this celebrated battle is about twenty miles to the east and a little to the north of Munich, and we believe that the forest, or what is left of it, is, or soon will be, traversed by a railway from Munich to Mühldorf. It is almost unnecessary to say that Campbell's splendid poem is wholly inapplicable to the stick-in-the-mud combatants in the real battle. This poem is as far from truth as the river Isar is from Hohenlinden.

But of all scenes of military history which a visit to Ulm recalls, the most impressive would have been the surrender of General Mack's army to Napoleon, almost without a battle, in 1805. We can best convey an idea of this event by saying that it was to Austria what Sedan lately was to France. It occurred two days before the battle of Trafalgar, and destroyed Pitt's hope of military resistance to France as completely as Nelson's victory annihilated Napoleon's scheme of naval hostility to England. The Archduke Charles was at this period employed in Italy. But in 1809, when Austria again tried her fortune against Napoleon, he was in supreme command upon the Danube. The upper valley of that river was now for military purposes French territory, so that the campaign began to the east of Ulm, in the triangle formed by the Danube and the Isar, and by a line drawn from Ratisbon to Landshut. The Archduke had the advantage of the first blow, and ought, if he had been the general of 1796, to have annihilated a French corps at Ratisbon before it could be withdrawn or supported. The journey of Napoleon from Paris to Strasburg, and thence to Donauwörth was thought in those days a miracle of celerity. He was only just in time to remedy the blunders of Berthier, who, by a process of selection which might have been called Austrian, had been placed in command over Massena and Davoust. Napoleon has said that the campaign which followed was the best thing he ever did. Within a month he had broken up the Archduke's army and occupied Vienna. It must always be remembered to the honour of the Archduke and his army that after these tremendous disasters they were still able to bring Napoleon to the verge of ruin at Aspern, and to fight a great battle, which was almost a victory, at Wagram. There is perhaps no place which more than Ulm impresses the mind with admiration for Napoleon; yet the sympathy of an English visitor to that place will not be with the French conqueror, but with the brave, blundering Austrians who defied before him.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION PUFFERY.

WE learn from the *Times* that Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany and an anonymous old woman have combined to praise the International Exhibition. In all the prominence of large type the announcement has been made that "we" have reason to think that an elderly female visitor, who speaks bad English, was so well pleased with what she saw last Saturday, that she is likely to become "an Exhibition missionary" next year, while the Princess of Germany undertakes the same function for the present time. The Princess desires that the pottery of the Exhibition should be shown in Germany; and the old woman, "if she'd known what it (the Exhibition) were like, would ha' come afore." The Commissioners, to do them justice, have made the most they could out of the Royal Family. They opened with the Prince of Wales, and they close with the Princess Imperial of Germany. We take for granted that the Commissioners, or the indefatigable persons who use their names, are already busy in arranging for an ambulatory exhibition of pottery in Germany under august patronage. "Her Highness's wish will be carried out in some degree," and perhaps to a degree which Her Highness had not anticipated. There will be a tour for the benefit of the Germans, and descriptions of the tour for the information of the English. Mr. Cole C.B. will doubtless perceive the value of the opportunity for obtaining descriptions of the art treasures of the German towns in which the pottery may be exhibited, and it is quite possible that his ingenious assistants may thus contrive to occupy themselves until the time comes round to prepare for next year's Exhibition.

The *Times*, which praises everybody concerned in the Exhibition, selects for special commendation the printers who have enjoyed the patronage of the Commissioners. We are told that wonderful activity was displayed in printing the programme of the opening of the Albert Hall, "of which not a single page had been struck off at midnight on Saturday." This programme, as we remember, was accompanied by a prayer intended to be read by a Bishop at the opening of the Hall, and it occurs to us that a curious question arises whether, supposing this prayer to have been printed, as it probably was, on Sunday, it was wrong to print it on that day. As regards the programme, we should decidedly object to the printing of it on Sunday being considered as a work of necessity, because it was an absurd and useless composition. We cannot help thinking that the elderly female utterer of imperfect grammar whom the Reporter of the *Times* encountered on the closing day of the Exhibition is typical of those literary performances of the Commissioners which Messrs. Johnson printed with accuracy and despatch. The Official Catalogue of the Exhibition was surprising, but the Official Reports of Sections, "edited by the Right Hon. Lord Houghton," are surely the most wonderful publications that any printing-press has ever uttered. These Reports contain an infinite variety of the most ludicrous absurdities, which are rendered still more absurd because the authors suppose themselves to be advancing the work of national education. There are, says one reporter, very few new maps in the Exhibition, probably because the war made it appear likely that boundaries would be altered. He proceeds to notice that there are very few globes exhibited, and he suggests the same reason for the scarcity of these educational appliances. He seems to think it possible that the Germans, in the plenitude of their military power, might have determined that the round world should henceforth be square. We hope that if the representatives of Mr. Cole C.B., in the course of their tour in Germany as exhibitors of pottery, should involve Her Imperial Highness who has invited them in the absurdity of their own performances, the German nation will remember in compensation that the Commissioners have officially ascribed to them the power of altering the figure of the earth.

It is not, however, the literary aspect of these Reports which at this moment principally concerns us. The *Times*, in a leading article which celebrated the close of this Exhibition and anticipated the opening of another, placidly assumed that henceforward these Exhibitions are to be bazaars without mitigation or disguise. But if this is the settled purpose of the Commissioners, we must ask them, even if they have forgotten their own dignity and that of the Sovereign in whose name they act, at least to remember what is fairly due to the tradesmen whose prosperity may be so greatly affected by their proceedings. It will be impossible to persuade the public that these Reports are impartially made; but that is a consideration which affects only the characters of Her Majesty, of the Prince of Wales, of the Princess of Germany, of the Commissioners, and of Lord Houghton, who edits these Reports. But even assuming fairness, there may be prejudices or mistakes. These Reports are intended, like the Catalogues, to serve as guides; and they will doubtless be issued in future years as soon as possible after the opening of the Exhibition. Tradesmen who become exhibitors will thus get their advertising done gratuitously, while other tradesmen in their shops will see the influences of Court fashion and the newspapers combined for their destruction. Take, for example, the Report on "Toys and Games." We must admit that it is pleasant to be assured on the authority of the Commissioners and Lord Houghton that, "among toys, nothing can approach the English doll." It is superior to anything made in France or Germany, and the dress is quite in keeping with the doll, although not so fashionably got up as French dolls usually are. "Regarding toys, however, in their highest use, as educational, this mode of imitating in dolls all the changing absurdities of fashion is most objectionable." We really must ask the Commissioners whether they consider that this sort of disquisition upon dolls is in itself useful, or only convenient as a mode of introducing the name of Mr. Cremer. To our mind it resembles the style of advertising which was in favour thirty years ago when a regular story used to be written describing a lovers' quarrel and reconciliation. Edwin at the street-door is informed that Angelina is in the drawing-room above, willing to receive his submission and renew her favour. He rushes up the staircase to throw himself at her feet, taking three steps at a time, "which he certainly could not have done if he had not worn the patent elastic straps manufactured by Messrs. Smith at their establishment." The reporter tells us that an educational doll ought to represent a child, and not a man or woman. It ought to be dressed neatly but not fashionably. "The specimens exhibited by Mr. Cremer are certainly excellent." It were to be wished, he says, that somebody could invent a doll that should be at once beautiful and indestructible. Even Mr. Cremer has not yet realized this aspiration of the Commissioners, but no genius ever laboured under higher encouragement than his. The Queen and the rest of the Royal Family, and the noble lords and honourable gentlemen who manage these Exhibitions, are all expectant until Mr. Cremer shall achieve beauty and indestructibility in dolls. As it is clear that the education of girls cannot proceed satisfactorily until this educational appliance has been provided, we may reasonably expect that all demands for woman's suffrage will be suspended until

Mr. Cremer's genius has produced its perfect work. In one respect, however, we almost doubt whether Mr. Cremer's dolls are truly educational. "The cost of Mr. Cremer's best doll with its wardrobe exceeds 50*l*." We are told that such a doll is of course a luxury "within the reach of a comparatively few." We should indeed hope that there are not many parents who would be so foolish as to give a child a doll that cost 50*l*; but if there are any who desire thus to spoil their children, Mr. Cremer, by the favour of Her Majesty's Commissioners, will supply the means of doing so. The children of "a comparatively few" may be taught that there is a difference which they ought never to forget between themselves and the children of poor people. We should have thought that if a girl is to be brought up to worship wealth, it is best to make her at the same time a devotee of fashion. Elegance is surely preferable to vulgar ostentation. But the reporter cannot suppress his admiration for a doll that costs 50*l*, although the educational value of such a doll appears, at least in our view, dubious.

"The actual process of making wooden animals," as exhibited by Mr. Cremer, excited the warmest admiration of the reporter. We should like to be informed by some competent authority whether it would be practicable to produce Cabinet Ministers by the same process. "Strange as it may seem," these wooden animals are turned by cutting tools having for their section the outline of the animal desired to be produced. Large wooden soldiers are also turned. If the Exhibition were not closed we should certainly have required Mr. Cardwell to inspect on behalf of the nation the machinery by which large wooden soldiers are produced by Mr. Cremer. For the purpose of national defence as understood by Mr. Cardwell, they would be as useful as more expensive soldiers. The reporter in another place commends the toy cooking-stoves of Mr. Cremer, which "can readily be practically used for small culinary purposes." He thinks that useful lessons might be given by means of these toys. But if cooking and dress-making are things which girls ought to learn, we would ask where is the advantage of teaching these things by means of toys? Why should a girl be tempted to use her needle by showing her patterns of dolls' clothes? Even the ingenious Mr. Cremer has not yet invented a toy which shall represent the entire business of life, and we fear that girls as well as boys must still be taught in a direct and simple manner that they have a duty in the world and must discharge it. This pretence of viewing toys as instruments of education is the most outrageous insult which the Commissioners have offered to common sense. Whatever may be their intention, the effect of their proceedings is to publish in an official form and under the sanction of august names a series of extravagant laudations of the wares of tradesmen who are so fortunate as to attract the favourable notice of their reporters. And it seems that this system of puffing is to be perpetual.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING

THE first of the autumn meetings at the head-quarters of racing, always an agreeable prelude to the more important gatherings that follow, was specially remarkable this year as well for the number of close and exciting finishes as for the repeated exhibitions of skill on the part of Fordham, who won ten races, and five times out of the ten converted defeat into victory, partly by his own unrivalled ability, and partly by his perfect knowledge of the Newmarket courses. Those who have been longest at Newmarket will be the first to acknowledge the extreme difficulty of judging on some of the courses, and also the difficulty to a jockey not minutely acquainted with the ground of making his final effort on a horse, exhausted perhaps, and with little more left in him, at precisely the right instant. When the judge looks along an imaginary line drawn at right angles to the running track, the jockey's task is comparatively easy, and a good judge of pace will know the exact moment to bring his horse up; but when the angle is obtuse or acute, varying on different courses, the best rider may find himself outgeneralled by a rival whose knowledge of these special peculiarities of the ground is more exact than his own. There was a signal instance of a race being lost and won under these circumstances on the first day of the meeting under notice, when Snowden on King Cole was just done by Fordham on Nobleman, by the very shortest of heads, in the very next stride King Cole being a long head in front. In this race the finish was at the Cambridgeshire stand, and so difficult is it for a spectator, however advantageously placed, to judge the issue of a close race on this course, that it is no uncommon thing to hear long odds betted on a loser, after the horses have passed the post and before the winning number is exhibited. In this particular case it was quite clear that Fordham knew the exact spot to an inch where his horse's head ought to catch the judge's eye, while Snowden imagined it to be a little further in advance. There was more left in Lord Zetland's horse than in Nobleman, but perfect knowledge of the ground, added to superb riding, won the day. This exciting race took place, we should say, over the two miles from the Ditch in, and, in addition to the pair we have named, Kingcraft took part in it. It was, therefore, a fine public trial for King Cole and Kingcraft, who are both engaged in the Cesarewitch, in which race the Derby winner of 1870 is handicapped to give 4 lbs. to Lord Zetland's horse. Kingcraft has never shown any ability to compass this distance, and up the Cambridgeshire hill he has invariably been worsted;

nevertheless he was so well that it was once again hoped that he might retrieve his tarnished reputation. But though at the top of the hill he was going well within himself, while both Nobleman and King Cole were being ridden, directly he was called upon to take the lead his heart or his strength failed him, and he died away, according to his usual custom, to nothing. The other two fought out their desperate battle to the end in the way we have already mentioned. It would appear at first sight that this performance must be utterly fatal to Kingcraft's chance for the Cesarewitch, but many people are of opinion that Lord Falmouth's horse will run in very different form over the Cesarewitch course, which is almost entirely flat. He must not only improve, however, on the Triennial running to be successful in the great handicap of next week, but he must run nearly a stone better horse in order to beat King Cole even; for King Cole gave him a good 7 lbs. beating in the Triennial, and will in addition receive 4 lbs. from him in the Cesarewitch. While speaking of Cesarewitch candidates, we must not omit to mention that on this same afternoon Corisande won very cleverly across the flat from Cleveland, Jubilee, and the Lady Evelyn colt. In the dip Cleveland, ridden by Fordham, looked for a moment as if he would get Baron Rothschild's mare into trouble, but the instant she touched the hill she went away in fine style, and won by a length and a-half from Cleveland and four lengths from Jubilee.

We must go on to the following day, when Jubilee ran Digby Grand, Lord Hawke, and five more from the Ditch in and beat them in a common trot over that severe course, to show that Corisande's easy victory was worthy of more attention, in regard to her Cesarewitch chance, than it has yet received. It has been said that she had to be ridden in order to beat Cleveland; but it appeared to us that she left him the moment she was asked or allowed to leave him, with the greatest possible ease. It may be said that this is no evidence that Corisande can stay two miles; but with Favonius and Hannah as stable companions, there can scarcely be a mistake made on that point. Whenever we have seen Hannah and Corisande running together, we have always thought that if anything had happened to the one, the other could have taken her place with ease; and in the Brighton Cup also, if Favonius had tumbled down, there is little doubt that Corisande could have won. We are therefore justified in believing that if Corisande had been running on the Wednesday, she would have beaten Jubilee just as far from the Ditch in as she beat him on the Tuesday across the flat. On the other hand, it must be admitted that Jubilee's victory, albeit over a two-mile course, was nothing extraordinary. His best opponents were the roguish Digby Grand and the monstrously puffed-up and over-rated Lord Hawke, and behind this pair were such animals as Norfolk, Whaddon, Cheesewring, and Falkirk. Easily as she might have disposed of this lot, it would not necessarily follow that she could give away the year to a notorious stayer like King Cole—more than the year, indeed, if allowance for sex is taken into account—and this is what she is called upon to do in the Cesarewitch.

Turning to the two-year-old racing of the week, the renewed triumphs of Chopette claim the first notice. Debarred by the accident of non-entry from all participation in the great races of 1872, she has been treated with little ceremony this year, and has been made to pick up any small fish that came in her way. There were two such for her last week. In the first she gave 7 lbs. to Drummond, and in the second she carried a penalty of like weight against The Knight (who, it will be remembered, ran a dead heat with Anton at Lewes at even weights), and each time her opponent failed even to make her gallop. She is evidently now at the very best of her two-year-old form, and that form is, so far, the best of the year. Cremorne has run all his races against antagonists of his own age, but Chopette has been fighting all the season against such tried old horses as Vulcan, Cymbal, Countryman, and the like, and the balance of the contests is decidedly in her favour. Of the other two-year-old races, the most important was the Triennial, which resulted in a dead heat between Madge Wildfire and Khedive. For once in a way (though it is almost treason to say so) we think that Fordham made a little too certain of the victory. Madge Wildfire appeared to be winning in a canter, and he seemed to ease her halfway up the cords, and Khedive, who ran with thorough game-ness, coming again with a rush, there was barely time to set her going again, and, as it was, the race was only saved, not won. The rich Buckingham Stakes brought five to the post, but we should fancy they were all moderate. Three of the five were fairly beaten off, and the finish was left to Queen's Messenger and Mr. Merry's highly-bred son of Gladiator and Sunbeam, the former winning easily at last by a length. He is a great awkward-looking horse, and as ugly a goer as could well be seen, but, he ran very gamely, and time may do much for his large and at present ungainly frame. Landmark, after winning the Hopeful on the Tuesday—which his stable companion Meteor, who played a looking-on part in the race, might have secured with equal ease—sustained an unexpected reverse on the last day, being beaten by Night Star, whose public performances are not of a high order of merit, and was forthwith deposed from his position in the list of Derby candidates.

The two leading handicaps of the meeting were fairly successful, and in the Great Eastern the problem of bringing the top and bottom weights together was solved in a way that must have been quite satisfactory to the handicapper. Philomela, with 5*st*. 9*lbs*.,

beat Perfume, with 9 st. 2 lbs., by a head, MacAlpine, with 7 st. 10 lbs., being only a neck from the second; and we think we are not wrong in saying that Sterling, with 9 st. 6 lbs., might have been head and head with MacAlpine if he had been persevered with. As it was, he was only a bare length behind the leading trio. It must be acknowledged, however, that the winner got a very bad start, losing several lengths, and at one time appearing to be quite shut out of all chance of getting to the front. Otherwise she might, judging from the way in which she made up her lost ground, have won much more easily. Perfume ran unexpectedly well; but the most brilliant performance was that of Sterling, who was giving horses of his own year 4 st. all but a pound. There was plenty of speed also in the large field behind the leaders, which comprised Tibthorpe, Meleurge, Allbrook, the Leila colt (winner of this race last year), and eighteen others. So that the merit of the leading division is enhanced by the quality of those that failed to obtain situations. For the October Handicap there were fifteen runners, and among these were Adonis, the winner of last year's Cambridgeshire, White Rose, a prominent favourite for the last Goodwood Stakes, Lady Masham, Typhoeus, Philomela, and Marmora. The handsome Adonis was not in racing condition, and died away at the Bushes. Philomela had to carry 12 lbs. extra for her success in the Great Eastern Handicap, and this penalty caused her to succumb in the longer race. Typhoeus, who was very leniently weighted, would appear to have lost all his form, and Lady Masham, though not so fortunate in the handicapping, ought to have done better in this company. As it was, the race was, from start to finish, a very easy affair for White Rose, who indeed took the lead from the beginning and was never headed. Two outsiders, Eole II. and Pearlfinder, occupied the second and third places. Flibustier, who is a roarer, was the only one who at any moment appeared to have a chance of catching the leader; but directly he touched the hill his infirmity stopped him and he dropped back. Marmora, whose chance for the Cesarewitch had been held in considerable favour, ran in the most ungenerous manner possible, swerving over the course and defying the efforts of her jockey to keep her head straight.

Matches of any interest are now unfortunately few and far between at Newmarket, and that between Tibthorpe and Countryman at the last meeting lost much of its attraction from the fact of both horses being now but shadows of their former selves. Whatever Countryman might have done in the spring, he has no pretensions now to give 2 lbs. to Tibthorpe, and he signally failed in the endeavour, the old horse never allowing him to get within a length of him. The match was probably made in consequence of Adrian, Countryman's stable companion, running head and head with Tibthorpe in the Great Eastern; but calculations founded on collateral running are as often as not proved to be fallacious.

REVIEWS.

TAYLOR'S SECOND PART OF FAUST.*

THE Second Part of Goethe's *Faust* is one of those poems which seem to have been constructed for the very purpose of confusing the critic's art. In Germany, where criticism is supposed to be more profound than with us, and where it certainly seeks a basis in first principles, the utterances of authorities on this Second Part are most contradictory. Professor Vischer, whose work on *Æsthetics* is, we should imagine, the most voluminous treatise on the subject, finds in this production of Goethe only the feeble, if suggestive, touches of a master hand crippled with age. On the other hand, there are hosts of commentators who see in it the richest developments of Goethe's poetic intellect. No wonder then that English critics, who attend less to *a priori* theories of art than to the quantity of pleasure actually produced by a work, should find themselves arriving at exactly opposite estimates.

This divergence of judgments may be roughly described as follows:—On the one hand are Mr. Lewes and the other critics who find the Second Part wanting in all the essential beauties of dramatic poetry. Whatever the composition may be, they say, it is not the representation of individual characters combining in a single chain of interesting actions. Faust and Mephistopheles are lost in the crowds of airy and evanescent figures which flit before the eye, and when they do present themselves for an instant they exhibit nothing of their former individuality. The loosely-threaded series of dramatic scenes are not evolved one out of the other, do not appear as parts of a whole bound together by their common relation to certain individuals acting under a certain set of circumstances. Many of them, taken separately, are undoubtedly pictorial and dramatically impressive, though less perhaps as manifestations of real life than as imitations of the forms with which phantasy fills the ideal world. But the collective group of pictures will not resolve itself into a dramatic whole; the scene shifts so strangely from Emperor's Court to classic Greece, from Gothic chamber to rocky cavern, that one is bewildered at last as to the age and geographical quarter of the action. It is no answer to these objections, they go on to say, that the drama is allegorical or symbolical, and that all this apparent vagueness and

confusion is the necessary condition of any representation of the grand conceptions of *Faust*. For an allegory ought to have a beauty of its own apart from its secondary meaning. The *Fairy Queen* charms us by its warm landscapes and its romantic adventures before it instructs us by its moral or spiritual lesson. But nobody professes any interest in the action of the Second Part apart from its symbolized ideas. If the grand conceptions shadowed forth in this work do not admit of symbolical treatment in drama, if the movements of society, the evolutions of art, and the æsthetic progress of an individual cannot be realized as a dramatic action—which requires before all other things the outward life of concrete persons—Goethe only showed a lawless perverseness in attempting to force his subject into this form of poetry.

On the other hand, the admirers of the Second Part assert that our rules of artistic form are too narrow, and that this work is an exceptional creation. The representation of so vast a subject as the full development of a mind in its intellectual, moral, and æsthetic aspects cannot, it is true, be accomplished by an ordinary dramatic process, but then the subject is so sublime as to warrant a departure from this process. We dispense with the pleasures of plot-evolution, we allow the limits of time and place to be set at naught, because of the grandeur of the subject-matter. No doubt many of the conceptions are abstract, and so the work will always be one for the cultivated few; but to this few the scenes of *Faust*, shadowing forth in dim outline such vast and varied forms of beauty, will always minister the highest pleasure. Nor is it possible to conceive any other form of literary art in which these effects could so well have been brought about.

Without seeking to settle a question which will probably long continue to present itself under different aspects to different types of artistic mind, we may pass to a consideration of Mr. Taylor's relation to the subject. From the fact of his translating the Second Part at all, the reader will naturally infer his high appreciation of it. And in his introduction he distinctly claims for the poem "a higher intellectual character, if a lower dramatic and poetical value," than is possessed by the First Part. In the valuable notes, too, with which he has enriched this part of his translation, he shows the fullest recognition of Goethe's large intentions. Without accepting the imaginary discoveries to which too long searching after the *Faust-Idee* has conducted so many German commentators, he aims at unfolding the full significance of the drama from a study of Goethe's mind itself. There is always a loyal endeavour to find a worthy motive for the poet's procedure. And we think Mr. Taylor has in nothing shown so clearly his qualifications for interpreting Goethe as in the care with which he discriminates the many possible allegorical significations discoverable in these scenes from those which a careful study of Goethe's mental history and a right understanding of *Faust* as a whole equally authorise us in inferring. Yet with all this appreciation of the spiritual substratum of the drama Mr. Taylor unites a keen critical attention to poetic form; and on the whole we should find it difficult to say whether he accords it, as a poem, a high rank at all. Thus, for instance, he frequently points out how the poetic character is marred by obscure scientific or mythological allusions, or even references to passing incidents in literature and science. He shows us "many slips" in which Goethe has violated dramatic consistency of character, especially in the case of Mephistopheles. He becomes at times quite impatient when touching on "the arbitrary manner" in which the poet now drops, now resumes, the allegorical meaning, to the mystification of his readers; and he admits in more than one place that the scene is a digression from the course of the dramatic plot. Perhaps he does not sufficiently call attention to the frequent dulness of the dialogue, particularly the tame wit of Mephistopheles, which painfully reminds one of the gap of years between the two productions. Of the slightly ludicrous aspect which some of the scenes are apt to present—for example, the curious agilities of the juvenile Euphorion—it is perhaps unreasonable to expect an admirer like Mr. Taylor to say anything.

After the remarks we made in a former notice on Mr. Taylor's peculiarities as a translator, it will be unnecessary to illustrate them very extensively from his execution of the Second Part. Whatever any one may think of this drama as a whole, he must readily concede that separate passages have a subtle beauty of thought and a sweetness of melody which place them as poetry on a level with the First Part. And Mr. Taylor has striven very successfully, we think, to pour the poetic wine into its new goblet without any loss of its delicate aroma. Sometimes indeed the poetic value is enhanced, the confessedly faulty diction of the original being replaced by lucid and simple English. As in the First Part, so here we find the necessities of versification sometimes making the translator depart from the precise shade of thought of the original; yet on the whole these departures are insignificant. As an example of how Mr. Taylor combines close translation with poetic expression, we may take a stanza from the beautiful chorus which preludes daybreak at the opening of the poem. We quote for comparison the original lines, and also Dr. Anster's excellent rendering:—

GERMAN.

Wenn sich lau die Lüfte füllen
Um den grümschrankten Plan,
Süsse Däfte, Nebelhüllen
Senkt die Dämmerung heran;
Lispelt leise süssen Frieden,
Wiegt das Herz in Kindesruh,
Und den Augen dieses Müden
Schliesst des Tages Pforten zu.

* *Faust*. A Tragedy. By Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. The Second Part. Translated in the Original Metres by Bayard Taylor. London: Strahan & Co. 1871.

TAYLOR.

When around the green-girt meadow
Balm the tepid winds exhale,
Then in fragrance and in shadow
Twilight spreads her misty veil:
Whispers peace in accents cheery,
Rocks the heart in childhood's play,
And upon these eyelids weary
Shuts the golden gates of day.

Or, as a specimen of difficult rendering, one may take the chorus of Sirens which closes the classical "Walpurgis Night," in translating which Dr. Anster omits the rhyming iambs of the first lines:—

GERMAN.

Heil dem Meere! Heil den Wogen!
Von dem heiligen Feuer umzogen;
Heil dem Wasser! Heil dem Feuer!
Heil dem seltnen Abenteuer!
Heil den mildgewogenen Lüften!
Heil geheimnisreichen Grüften!
Hoch gefeiert seid allhier
Element' ihr alle vier!

The Mephistopheles of the Second Part has but a feeble modicum of the grim irony of his namesake of the earlier work; but where he does betray a momentary energy, Mr. Taylor eagerly seizes and retains it. As a clever bit of rhyming which admirably reproduces the grotesque mock-solemity of the original, we may quote the answer of Mephistopheles to the Court blond who seeks a cure for summer freckles:—

GERMAN.

Schade! so ein leuchtend Schützchen,
Im Mai getupft wie eure Pantherkätzchen.
Nehmt Froschlaich, Krötenzungen, cobohirt,
Im vollsten Mondlicht sorglich distillirt;
Und wenn er abnimmt, reinlich aufgetrichen
Der Frühling kommt, die Tupfen sind entwichen.

TAYLOR.

'Tis pity! Shining fair, yet smitten,—
Spotted, when May comes, like a panther-kitten!
Take frog-spawn, tongues of toads, which cobohate,
Under the full moon deftly distillate,
And, when it wanes, apply the mixture;
Next spring, the spots will be no more a fixture.

In Dr. Anster's version, it may be added, the first two lines which are so closely followed by Mr. Taylor are needlessly expanded into four.

For the finest lyrical passages of the Second Part we must turn to the interlude "Helena," long ago made familiar to English readers by Mr. Carlyle. And here too we may best study Mr. Taylor's capabilities of transferring subtle melodies into a new language. He reminds us that no previous translator has given the whole of these iambic and trochaic metres. Mr. Carlyle has translated a few specimens, and with these we think Mr. Taylor's rendering will bear comparison in respect to the reproduction of the "rich and chaste simplicity" of the original. One or two brief extracts must suffice as examples of Mr. Taylor's execution. The first is Helena's interruption of the quarrel growing between the unlovely Phorkyas and the Chorus:—

Not angered, but in sorrow, do I intervene,
Prohibiting the storm of this alternate strife!
For nothing more injurious meets the ruling lord
Than quarrels of his faithful servants, underhand.
The echo of his orders then returns no more
Accordingly to him in swiftly-finished acts,
But, roaring wilfully, encompasses with storm
Him, self-confused, and chiding to the empty air.

The other quotation is from the final song which the Chorus sing just as they are about to pass from human forms into the being of trees, brooks, &c.:—

We, in trembling whispers, swaying rustle of a thousand branches
Sweetly rocked, will lightly lure the rills of life, the root-born, upwards
To the twigs; and, or with foliage or exuberant gush of blossoms,
Will we freely deck their flying hair for prosperous airy growth.
Then, when falls the fruit, will straightway gather gladdened herds and
people,
Swiftly coming, briskly pressing, for the picking and the tasting:
All, as if before the early Gods, will then around us bend.

Nor is the classic tone less clearly to be distinguished in Mr. Taylor's rendering of the fine irregular strophes of the Choral Song which describes the burning of Troy, and of which Mr. Carlyle says, after giving us a translation of it:—"Happy, could we... have imitated the tone, as we have done the metre, of that Choral Song; its rude earnestness, and tortuous, awkward-looking, artless strength, as we have done its dactyls and anapests." Mr. Carlyle's imitation is far closer than a reader of this modest passage might infer, and yet we think Mr. Taylor's new rendering will bear reading along with it. We must quote the first four strophes in full:—

Much my experience, although the tresses,
Youthfully clustering, wave on my temples;
Many the terrible things I have witnessed,
Warrior's lamenting, Ilion's night,
When it fell.

Through the beclouded, dusty and maddened
Throngs of the combatants, heard I the Gods then
Terribly calling, heard I the iron
Accents of Discord clang through the field,
City-wards.

ANSTER.

When the twilight mists of evening
Darken the encircling green,
Breezes come with balmy fragrance—
Clouds sink down with dusky screen;
And the heart—sweet whispers soothe
it,
Rocked to infant-like repose;
And the eyes of the o'er-wearied
Feel the gates of daylight close.

TAYLOR.

Hail, ye Waves! Hail, Sea unbounded,
By the holy Fire surrounded!
Water, hail! Hail, Fire, the splendid!
Hail, Adventure rarely ended!
Hail, ye Airs that softly flow!
Hail, ye caves of Earth below!
Honoured now and evermore
Be the Elemental Four!

Ah, yet stood they, Ilion's
Ramparts; but ever the fiery glow
Ran from neighbour to neighbour walls,
Ever extending from here and there,
With the roar of its own storm,
Over the darkening city.

Flying saw I, through smoke and flame,
And the tongues of the blinding fire,
Fearful angering presence of Gods,
Stalking marvellous figures,
Giant-great, through the gloomy
Fire-illuminate vapours.

With these classic metres one may contrast the romantic and rhymed verses which gradually displace the others in the transition of scene from the Hellenic to the Teutonic world. The variations of metre in this place are undoubtedly pleasing, and are managed by Goethe with considerable skill, though perhaps Mr. Taylor exaggerates their value when he speaks of them as "a wonderful piece of poetic art." As an example of Mr. Taylor's reproduction of these more familiar melodies we may take the song of the Chorus as they dance round the sportive Euphron:—

When thou thine arms so fair
Charmingly liftest,
The curls of thy shining hair
Shakest and shiftest;
When thou, with foot so light,
Brushest the earth in flight,
Hither and forth again,
Leading the linked chain,
Then is thy goal in sight,
Loveliest Boy!
All of our hearts in joy
Round thee unite.

Mr. Taylor betrays both in this and the First Part of his translation the curious influence which a close study of German is frequently seen to exercise on English style. In his use of capitals for substantives he surpasses the inscrutable freaks of Mr. Carlyle himself. Thus, for instance, he speaks (p. 12) of the time when "brooded Evil evil is begetting," though it would not be easy to discover any superiority in point of dignity which the progenitor in this case possesses over his offspring. The funniest instance of this capriciousness we have found occurs in no less solemn a passage than the Chorus of Blessed Boys (p. 382), where we have—

For so tender
Unto all, it is, To Be.

This unexpected exaltation of such a modest preposition and such a diminutive verb affects us very oddly; though perhaps Mr. Taylor's American public will approach his work in a more serious mind. Another German habit which the translator indulges in rather too extensively, we think, is the Grecism of erecting not only adjectives but also adverbs and even prepositions into grandiose substantives, with initial capitals of course. But Mr. Taylor may think we are bestowing undue attention on trifles, and we must reassure him of our high estimate of all the fine qualities of his translation, and of our gratitude to a friendly fortune which has given our generation another and not the least gifted exponent of the recognised *Musagetes* in German literature.

FOUR SUPPLICATIONS:—1529-1553.*

WE call this volume *Four Supplications*, because it is so lettered on the back, although the fourth piece does not call itself a Supplication, and is of a somewhat different character from the others. The first three, the famous "Supplication for the Beggars" and the two less known pieces which follow it, consist mainly of attacks on the clergy, while the fourth has no ecclesiastical character, and deals only with the great economical fact of the time, the change from the tilling of the earth to the feeding of sheep. The question might perhaps be raised how far tracts of this kind, which do not do very much to illustrate language, come within the province of the Early English Text Society. But we are not disposed to quarrel with anything which illustrates the great change of the sixteenth century, and certainly, as Mr. Cowper says in his preface, nothing can do more to illustrate it than contemporary tracts of this kind. We must of course be on our guard in reading them, and we must use their evidence simply for what it is worth. They are party pamphlets, written in the interest of one side, and with all that violence and exaggeration, growing sometimes into actual falsehood, which in those days passed for earnestness. The "Supplication for the Beggars," there can be little doubt, had a real effect upon the progress of events; it had the honour of receiving an answer from no less a person than Sir Thomas More, and it seems to have had a direct influence upon the King's mind. [Mr. Furnivall's preface—his "Forewords"—and his few notes do not go to very out of the way sources. We should have thought it hardly necessary to explain in a Glossary what is meant by a "cock of hay," and we altogether protest against "gnatonical" being explained to mean "gnat-like." It is plain that Mr. Furnivall, or who-

* A Supplication for the Beggars. Written about the year 1529 by Simon Fish. Now re-edited by Frederick T. Furnivall. With A Supplication to our Moste Sovereigne Lorde Kynge Henry the Eyght (1544 A.D.). A Supplication of the Poore Commons (1546 A.D.). The Decaye of England by the great multitude of Shepe (1550-3 A.D.), edited by T. Meadows Cowper. London: published for the Early English Text Society, by N. Trübner & Co. 1871.

ever put together the Glossary, has no answer to give to Dr. Maitland's question, "What did he think the gnats did, and how did they do it?" But perhaps in these days, when we refer to Dr. Maitland and his sharp sayings we may be referring to something which is altogether forgotten. We will venture then to make an extract from one of the notes to his book on the Reformation, in which he shows up the wonderful editing of what he calls "the Seeley Edition of Fox," the edition which turned "rabbits" into "kabies," and charged the Bishop of Rome with practising, not "jugglenges" but "ing-gliges"; Dr. Maitland goes on to say, "In the old edition the translator speaks of certain valiant soldiers who loved to sleep in a whole skin, and he compares them to 'Gnatoes.' This the editor (guiltless of Terence) did not understand, and so he has actually stripped the poor parasite of his capital, and printed the passage thus—'like gnats with ait, aio, negat, nego.'" This might be all very well in a Seeley edition of Fox, but we really did not expect of an editor of the Early English Text Society that, when he finds in his text a mention of those "gnatonical elbowhangers, your chaplains," and those "gnatonical adherentes that wyl not stick to affirme and denye, so that they must trust to please you thereby," he should so exactly walk in the steps of his predecessor as to miss so palpable an allusion, and to explain "gnatonical" by "gnat-like." With the remembrance of Dr. Maitland's mirth still fresh in our minds, we might almost say with Clytemnestra:—

ἐν δ' ὀνέσσουσιν
λεπταῖς ὕπαι, κύνωπος ἰξήγυρόμην
ῥιπαῖσι θούσσουστος.

Certainly our dream that the art of editing and glossary-making had advanced somewhat in the space of twenty-two years has been sadly disturbed by the buzzing of Mr. Furnivall's gnats.

But we return to the Supplication itself. Mr. Furnivall reprints the "story of M. Symon Fische" out of Fox, how the book is privately shewn to Henry the Eighth, and of the King's shrewd remark that, "if a man should pull down an old stone wall, and begin at the lower part, the upper part thereof might perchance to fall upon his head." The book was afterwards forbidden, but it lived on in Fox's work. Mr. Furnivall, as, after some searching, we found out from a note, has printed his edition "from a copy of the original black-letter edition in the British Museum." The Supplication is addressed to Henry the Eighth, and professes to come from his Highness's "poore daily bedemen, the wretched hideous monstres (on whom scarcely for horror any yie dare loke), the foule, unhappy sorte of lepres, and other sore people, nedy, impotent, blinde, lame, and sike, who live onely by almesse." (Perhaps, considering the original object of an Early English Text Society, to have pointed out the history of the word "almesse," "an alms," which we have corruptly turned into a plural, would have been more to the purpose than explaining the nature of a cock of hay.) These poor creatures complain that their number has so swelled, while the "almesse" which they receive has so lessened, that "for very constraunt they die for hunger." This is because of the vast number of sturdy beggars who have crept into the realm, "not of impotent, but of strong, puissant, and counterfeit holy, and ydell, beggers and vacabundes." These are no other than the clergy of every class, regular and secular, "the Bishoppes, Abbottes, Priours, Deacones, Archdeacones, Suffraganes, Prestes, Monkes, Chanons, Freres, Pardoners and Somners." These are "not the herdes, but the ravenous wolves going in herdes clothing, devouring the flocke"; and every conceivable charge is heaped upon them; the whole order, as usual, being made to bear the blame of its worst members. Yet, though the exaggeration is plain, the exaggeration still proves a great deal. The number of immoral and rapacious clergy must have really been very large, or no one would have ventured to speak of the whole body as thus hopelessly corrupt. They are described as having in their hands from one-third to half of the land; but no great faith can be put in a writer who revives the famous old blunder of one of Edward the Third's Parliaments and says that there were fifty-two thousand parish churches in England. Besides their lands, they got money from all manner of sources, amongst others by hearing confessions—"and yet," he adds, "they wil kepe thereof no counceyle." Each of the five orders of Friars gets a penny a quarter from every house. No man's wife, daughter, or maid is safe from them; and, by another odd piece of statistics, "they haue made an hundred thousand ydel hores yn your realme, whiche wolde haue gotten theyre lyving honestly, yn the swete of theyre faces, had not theyre superfluous richesse [mark the genuine singular noun again] illected them to unclene lust and ydelnesse." As a remedy for this evil the marriage of the clergy is strongly recommended. Such a recommendation was not likely to come from any except one who, in the phrase of Bishop Nix, savoured of the frying-pan; but of positive heresy there is not very much, beyond a broadly hinted doubt whether purgatory had any real being, and was not rather "a thing invented by the covetousness of the spirituality." This charge of covetousness is the one which runs through the whole piece, but there are also vigorous attacks on the injustice of the spiritual courts, and how any one who brought any charge against a priest was presently proceeded against as a heretic. The case of Richard Hunne, murdered, as was alleged, in prison, by Doctor Horsey, the Bishop of London's Chancellor, is referred to twice. Through the number of Bishops, Abbots, and Priors who are Lords of the Parliament, the clergy are stronger in the King's own Parliament House than the King

himself. The great evil of all is that the Chancellor—the great Cardinal himself—was a priest, and abused the King's authority to the behoof of his own order. The King should found a hospital for the poor bedemen into whose mouth supplication is put, but care must be taken lest the priests get hold of it. For the suppliants—therein supplying a text for Mr. Trollope—go on to say that, if hospitals are founded, "The moo the worse; for euer the fatte of the hole foundation hangeth on the prestes berdes." The hospital must be founded; but it would seem that the foundation is to be taken in a mystical sense, for what is really recommended is to whip the "holy idell theunes" at the cart's tail till they take to work, and so leave the alms of good Christian people for the "sore impotent, miserable people." Such is the general drift of the piece, but some of the historical allusions are curious. The land would never have been conquered by "the Danes, nether the Saxons, yn the time of the auncient Britons," if they had had such idle gluttons at home. Certainly the famous argument of Coifi which led him to cast away the old gods would not lead us to think that the revenues of a high-priest of Woden were at all to be compared to those of the Lord Cardinal. But not only Danes and Saxons, but King Henry's "nobill predecessours, the Kinges of the auncient Britons, euer stode fre" from the grievous and painful exactions which had now to be paid. If such exactions had been paid in the days of the noble King Arthur, he would never have been able to lead his army to the foot of the mountains to resist the coming down of Lucius the Emperor. Neither Greeks, Romans, nor Turks had ever had their substance devoured by such a set of cormorants and locusts. Lastly, we get the history of King Henry's noble and righteous predecessor King John told in a style which sounds strange to us, and which would have sounded strange to Matthew Paris, but which was quite the correct thing in the sixteenth century. Very fierce indeed do our suppliants wax against certain traitors who stood in the way of that noble and righteous, that good and "blissed" King. Among them was "a clerke called Stephen, whome afterward against the Kinges will the Pope made Bishoppe of Caunterbury."

The second piece, also a Supplication to the King, is of later date, coming after the dissolution of the monasteries. It is also a fierce attack on the clergy, especially on the Bishops, but it takes somewhat different ground from the Supplication of the Beggars. We hear less of their personal immorality or exactions, but there is an impassioned attack on the wealth of the Bishops, their employment in worldly affairs and worldly offices, the partiality of patrons, the abuses of plurality and non-residence, especially the privileges of royal and other chaplains, and the practice of bestowing bishoprics and other spiritual offices as the reward of secular services. The Kings set the example in giving bishoprics to their chancellors and other officers of their court. Other patrons, lay and clerical, followed their example in the bestowal of the smaller preferments in their hands. To be sure the clergy themselves were the persons originally to be blamed for this, because their object was to keep all men, Kings and others, in ignorance, in order that they might "unlawfully and unworthely be promoted to spirituall cures, and use the profetes of them ungodly; and that they myght also contiguallly exercyse their lustes and iniquities." One or two complaints seem a little hard—namely, that some sort of consideration had been shown to the Abbots and monks who had been driven out of their monasteries. It is made a complaint, not only that many of them had been presented to livings, for which they might possibly be unfit, but even that they were allowed pensions. The writer speaks with a good deal of boldness, and does not scruple to find fault with the laws which had been made even during the King's own reign. Such, for instance, that all spiritual persons of the King's Council may have three benefices with cure. He is also, indirectly at least, strong against the Act of Six Articles. Under cover of carrying out that Act, the Bishops and their commissaries were persecuting as heretics all who had any kind of learning, especially in God's Word. They were taking the English Bible from the laity, and they were indirectly bringing in again the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, for as the writer asks pertinently, "Are there any bokes which write agaynste the Pope's pyrnacie, but they also write agaynste some of the Syx Articles?"

One or two usages of particular words may be noticed. The ignorant Bishops are denounced as "ydle and wicked harlottes," the last word still keeping that general sense which it must have quite lost before our present translation of the Bible was made. Among the great personages who are allowed to qualify chaplains we have the King, Queen, Prince, Princess—spelled *Prynces*—or any of the King's children, brethren, sisters, uncles, and aunts. The words Prince and Princess are still used, as they were long after, in the older and narrower sense, as meaning the King's eldest son and daughter only, and were not scattered about at random as they are now. We see how words change their meaning when the question is asked as to what kind of shepherd a wise man would hire to feed his "beastly and worldly sheep," where the word "beastly" is to be taken in a purely colourless sense, as simply expressing a fact in natural history. We do not quite understand what is meant by "painting of postes," which is mentioned as a superstitious ceremony. Tapers and candles were set up before the said postes, and the blind priests did both "sence" and sprinkle them with holy water. Are these postes simply a contemptuous way of speaking of images, as when we talk of worshipping stocks and stones? The marginal analysis gives us no great help by translating "painting of postes" into "painting of pillars."

This second Supplication was printed in 1544, in the month of

December. The third, the "Supplication of the poore Commons," bears date 1546, and begins by a reference to the original Supplication of the Beggars, to the influence of which on the King's mind the poor Commons seem to attribute the dissolution of the monasteries. The usual complaints of the clergy, their exactions and their secular employments, go on, and the King is told very plainly how much he is deceived in various ways. One great point insisted upon is having the Scriptures in English. The priests are charged with teaching that since the Bible was translated the people had fallen into wickedness, the vices of the age being then, as ever, taken for granted, only of course each side accounted for them after its own fashion. The King is charged with great earnestness to redress all these wrongs, otherwise the blood of those who had perished through his negligence would be required of his hand. Henry, at the age of fifty-five, is, as was not uncommon in those times, looked on already as an old man. "Remember that your hore heares are a token that nature maketh hast to absolve the course of your life; prevent the subtilie imaginations of them that galpe and lase after the crowne of this realme after your daies." He is bidden to remember that he will not leave his kingdom to a stranger, but "to that child of great towardness, our natural Prince Edward." He is implored to employ his study to leave him "a commune weale" to govern, and not an island of brute beasts, among whom the stronger devour the weaker.

Another complaint is one which we have already come across in the work of Nashe, the English translation of which we reviewed a little time back. Much as the author reviles the monks, the "sturdy beggars," as he delights to call them, he is driven to allow that the sturdy beggars did something for the poor:—"Yet had the pore impotent creatures some relefe of their scrappes, where as now they haue nothing." Extortioners and oppressors had come in, who raised rents so that no man could live, and who not only did this on their own lands, but went on further to buy abbey lands of the King, and then maintained that all covenants made with the former owners were annulled by the sale, and drove out the tenants unless they took fresh leases of the new purchasers. This leads us to the subject of the last piece, a short tract of the time of Edward the Sixth which has no ecclesiastical reference at all, but deals solely with the discouragement of tillage and the substitution of sheep-farming. It has a special local reference to the counties of Oxford, Buckingham, and Northampton; other shires are left to speak for themselves. Six proverbs are urged against the breeding of sheep, two of which at least have an odd sound. "The more shepe, the dearer is the wolle," and "the more shepe, the dearer is the motton." The reason of the first unexpected result seems to be that the men of worship in the three shires spoken of set no store by tillage, but instead of that stored their lands with "great umberment of sheep." Then follows the argument, "they that have great umberment of shepe, muste nedes have grete store of wolle, and we cannot thynke who shulde make the pryse of wolle, but those that have grete plentye of shepe. And we do partly knowe that there be some dwellynge within these three shyres, rather then they wyl sell their wolle at a lowe pryse, they will kepe it a yere or twayne, and all to make it deare, and to kepe it a deare pryse." The other argument that the number of sheep made mutton dearer is one degree more intelligible. "As by reason, the most substance of our feadyng was wont to be on beffe, and now it is on motton. And so many mouthes goith to motton, which causeth motton to be deare." The other proverbs, which make beef, corn, white meat, and eggs dearer by reason of the number of sheep, are less paradoxical.

THE WHEEL OF THE LAW.*

SIAM, as regards its literature, occupies much the same relative position towards India that Japan does to China. That is to say, it is mainly indebted for the literature it possesses to the older civilization of India. But although the facilities which the inhabitants of Japan and Siam have enjoyed for introducing the works of China and India into their respective countries have added much to their enlightenment and improvement, they have at the same time proved fatal to the production of native authors, by checking all originality of thought and all intellectual enterprise amongst them. It is obviously more in keeping with the Oriental mind to adopt a complete literature ready to hand than to engage in the toilsome though invigorating exercise of creating one. And the accumulated knowledge of others having once been adopted wholesale, the hopelessness of reaching the standard of excellence thereby established crushes out every spark of emulation, and destroys both taste and inducement to tread the thorny paths of independently acquired knowledge. But, however complete may be the imported store of information, there must yet necessarily be room still left for native writers to exercise their talents in the production of works of a light and fanciful nature. The scenes daily enacted around them irresistibly suggest the compilation of novels, and poetry is the natural offspring of the legendary tales which are the inherent property of every land. Thus we find in Japan that native novels, poems, and dramatic works abound, and for the most part they bear the stamp of their authorship in the fact that they are printed in the native charac-

ter, whereas all works with any pretension to learning appear in Chinese type. But in the production of books the Siamese have in no measure kept pace with the Japanese, and this is to be accounted for partly by the geographical position of Siam, and partly by the ignorance of the natives of India with regard to the arts and sciences compared with the extensive knowledge possessed by the Chinese. Thus the rich inventive genius of the latter supplied both themselves and their neighbours with the advantages of printing centuries before the art was known on the south side of the Himalayas, and the high state of civilization existing in China during the first centuries of the Christian era attracted to her Court the apostles of Buddhism, to whom the inhabitants of Japan, and, at a subsequent period, those of Siam, owe the first introduction of foreign knowledge. The present state of native literature in the latter country may be estimated by the fact that the *Kitchankit*, a native work published two years ago, and of which Mr. Alabaster gives us a *résumé* in the volume before us, was "the first book printed and published by a Siamese without foreign assistance." Fortunately the increased facilities now enjoyed by the Siamese of communication with foreign countries have already stirred up the spirit of progress amongst them. Both the late and present Kings have, with most commendable zeal, done all in their power to further the diffusion of knowledge, and to facilitate the introduction of the arts and sciences among their subjects. A native literature will thus doubtless be brought into existence, and will grow in proportion to the rapidly increasing prosperity and well-being of the country.

As was the case in Japan, Buddhism, when once introduced into Siam, numbered its converts by thousands, and speedily became the established religion of the country. In the sixteenth century the then reigning King caused a translation of the Pali Scriptures to be made into the vernacular, though expressed in Pali characters, and numberless copies of manuscript translations of the Sanskrit canonical works are now very generally diffused throughout the land. Thus the various developments of Buddhism, from the simple teachings of Sakyamuni to the mystic subtleties with which it is at present surrounded, are well represented in the native literature. In this latter form of the faith there is much which is repugnant to the intelligence of educated men, and hence in every Buddhist country are to be found scholars who reject wholesale the modern refinements of the mystics, and accept only the materialistic part of the earlier phases of the belief. Such a one is the "Modern Buddhist," whose views Mr. Alabaster partly translates and partly summarizes in the work before us. And here we must take exception to this manner of dealing with the work of his author. Mr. Alabaster excuses himself on the plea of the necessity of making his book interesting to the general public. But by so doing, though he may perhaps have shaped his book more in accordance with the taste of ordinary readers, he has diminished its importance in the eyes of those interested in Oriental subjects. Mr. Alabaster has made the mistake of seeking popularity at the cost of sterling interest, and has thus forfeited his legitimate claims to success. The "Modern Buddhist" is a man of culture, and though his views contain little of novelty, there is a quaintness in his thought and manner of writing which makes us wish that we had more of Chao Phya Thipakon and less of Mr. Alabaster in the pages devoted to his writings.

Chao Phya Thipakon is the exponent of a line of religious thought of which, in Siam, the late King is said to have been the originator. His views are those of an emphatically "Broad Church" Buddhist. He holds rather to the simple commands contained in the stone-cut edicts of King Asoka than to the canonical works of the later Buddhist Fathers. He looks on the state of Nirvana as slightly apocryphal, and on the physical well-being of his fellow-creatures as the supreme good. To this end he would impress on his readers the necessity of practising virtue, and holds out to them the prospects of a heaven, upon the conditions of which he is careful not to dilate. But Buddhism is not the only form of religion of which he treats. One after another he passes in review the tenets of the various faiths with which he is acquainted, and naturally, considering the efforts made by Europeans to Christianize his countrymen, he pays particular attention to the different forms of Christian beliefs. With a certain degree of acuteness he directs his attacks against the most obviously assailable points of Christianity. Thus he devotes a considerable space to the discussion of the doctrine of eternal damnation. To his mind such a belief is abhorrent, from its apparent injustice. He quite admits the appropriateness of punishing the sins of a mispent life by a subsequent existence of misery; but "he cannot believe that a bad life of, say, fifty years shall be punished eternally, or a good life of fifty years blessed eternally." From this argument he adduces a reason for his belief in the transmigration of souls; he holds that all conditions of life are balanced and equalized, "and he thinks it natural that the equalization should be obtained by the man that has suffered becoming, or having been, happier in another state of existence, and the man who has misused advantages afterwards suffering reverses." On this subject his remarks, from his point of view, are more reasonable than when he further proceeds to discuss other articles of the Christian faith with which he has evidently but a very slight acquaintance. He professes to have discussed these articles with Christian missionaries, and to have read with attention the works they have published on the same in his native language. His remarks, however, are mostly of a commonplace character, and are only such as would be likely to suggest themselves to any one of ordinary ability whose religious

* *The Wheel of the Law. Buddhism illustrated from Siamese Sources by the Modern Buddhist, a Life of Buddha, and an Account of the Phrabat.* By Henry Alabaster, Esq. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

instruction has been of an elementary nature. The opponents of the Contagious Diseases Act will perhaps be glad to learn that Chao Phya Thipakon deduces from the fact that everything is the creation of God the same argument which it delights some of them to use. "Then you consider," said he to a missionary who had been arguing with him on the creative power of God, "that even a stone in the bladder is created by God." "Yes," replied the missionary, "everything; God creates everything." "Then," answered he, "if that is so, God creates in man that which will cause his death, and you medical missionaries remove it, and restore his health. Are you not opposing God in so doing? Are you not offending Him in curing those whom He would kill?"

After leaving the discussion of Christianity, he glances at the history of religious beliefs generally, and states his opinion that the modern forms of faith have all sprung from Brahminism. Judaism was the next to rise from this root, and was introduced by a "Khék named Abraham . . . the son of a Brahmin priest," who was bidden in a vision to protest against the idolatrous worship of the followers of Brahma, and to substitute circumcision for the rite of baptism practised among them. With Christianity the rite was again instituted "by the holy man John," who thus vindicated the sacred teachings of Brahma. Mahometanism next comes in for a share of his attention, and the source from whence he acquired his information on this head is plainly indicated by such remarks as the following:—"This religion was not spread by the arguments of preachers, but by men who held the Koran with one hand and the sword with the other." Next follows Buddhism, and this faith he holds up to admiration for the charitable width of its doctrines, and compares with scorn the liberal teachings of the Lord Buddha with the narrow-minded jealousies which he professes to have observed amongst followers of other religions.

In the second part of his book Mr. Alabaster gives us a Siamese account of the Life of Buddha, which to some will be interesting; it contains, however, nothing of importance which is not already familiar to students of religious beliefs. Together with the religion and myths of Buddhist India, the Siamese have adopted the superstition of holy places, and they point, with pardonable conceit, to a "veritable" footprint of the sage on one of their own mountains. The vestige, according to Siamese records, was discovered in the year 1602 by a hunter named Bun, who was so struck by its similitude to a gigantic footprint, and with the variety of emblems left imprinted in the rock by the sacred sole, that he at once reported his discovery to the reigning monarch. The visit of a number of learned monks, who were despatched without delay to the spot, resulted in their recognising in it the distinctive marks of a genuine footprint of Buddha. It may well be imagined with what ready credence a discovery so gratifying to the vanity of the Siamese people would be received by them, and though the examiners sent by the King profess only to have discerned the chakra, or wheel, and one or two other mystic signs in the centre of the hole, recent copyists have, by aid of their imagination, discovered no fewer than 100 designs in the veins of the rock. These have been transferred to two gold plates, which are deposited in the adjoining temple to gratify the sight of all true believers. Of his visit to this relic Mr. Alabaster gives us an account in the third part of his book, and he describes it as "a hole in the rock, about five feet long and two broad," and as bearing no sort of resemblance to a foot.

In the three parts into which the author divides his work he tells us that he has aimed at exemplifying "the sceptical phase, the traditional phase, and the ultra-superstitious phase" of Buddhism. And, to a certain extent, he fulfils this promise, although the terms in which it is made convey a somewhat exaggerated idea of what he really does tell us. He, however, wisely disclaims a profound knowledge of his subject, and those who simply view his book as a superficial glance at Siamese Buddhism will find much in it both to interest and amuse.

FOLLE-FARINE.*

THE "eponymus" of the heroine of Ouida's latest story was, we are told, "the mill-dust." "Only the dust; a mote in the air; a speck in the light; a black spot in the living daytime; a colourless atom in the immensity of the atmosphere, borne up one instant to gleam against the sky, dropped down the next to lie in a fetid ditch." Whether mill-dust can be the eponymus of a heroine, we shall leave to Liddell and Scott to decide. Whether a black colourless atom of meal-dust ever gleams at all, must be left for those who are learned in natural phenomena to decide. At all events, as critics of foolish novels, we have no hesitation in saying that the best thing these volumes before us can do is, with all expedition, to follow the lead of "eponymus" and heroine, and in company with them both to find the resting-place of a ditch. We have been diligent hearers of sermons, we have often attended public meetings, we have been present at more than one vestry, we have listened to orations on teetotalism, we have heard Mr. Mason Jones, and we have not unfrequently tried to read the *Daily Telegraph*. In a word, our opportunities of becoming acquainted with rant have been neither few nor unvaried. But till we read *Folle-Farine* we did not know that there is a wordiness beyond even that of a preacher, and a rant beyond even that of a Special Correspondent of the paper that has the largest circu-

lation in the world. There is a full and even flow of rant that, kept up as it is through three long volumes, excites in our minds a feeling of amazement. It is no doubt somewhat of a feat in writing a column in the *Daily Telegraph* to keep steadily silly and sonorous from the beginning to the end. But here we have a writer whose flow of words is such that, apparently without any effort on her part, she is hurried along by them with a fulness of sound and an entire absence of any meaning through nearly one thousand pages. Astonishing as it is that any one person can be found capable of writing this stuff, still more astonishing is it that any one person can be found capable of reading it when written. It would, we should have thought, have been something remarkable if the same age had produced one such writer and one such reader. We could have conceived that at least a thousand years might have passed by before there came into the world any one whose mind was strangely enough constituted to care to read what Ouida had written. But from the title-page we learn that this author with the outlandish name, and of doubtful gender, has written so much that we may feel assured that she (for we take a chance shot at the gender) can boast of a large set of readers. We can scarcely understand, however, how any one can be found to delight in mere rant; at all events for a long time together. We should be curious to come across one of Ouida's readers, and by examination to ascertain what had been his previous course of reading. We should not be surprised to learn that he had gone straight from *Butter's Spelling-Book* and *Mangnall's Questions to the Daily Telegraph*, and, delighting in the change he had made from the driest of food to the most luxuriant of pastures, had gone on ranging after more luxuriant food, till at last he rested content in the almost tropical growth of Ouida's pages. As for our author herself, whether she was born wordy, or achieved wordiness, we shall not pretend to decide. Much, we should think, she must owe to nature, much to art. If, as Mr. Galton maintains, all genius is hereditary, and if we may hazard a guess at her parentage, we would venture to assert that among her ancestors will be found on the one side a long line of village barbers and the most eminent gossips of the chandler's shop, and on the other side the leading orators of Discussion Forums and eloquent art critics who knew nothing of art and, if that were possible, still less of criticism. Less than this she cannot owe to lineage; she may indeed owe much more. She may, for all we know, derive her big-sounding words from Ancient Pistol himself, and be able to claim a distant cousinhood with Mr Augustus Sala. A mind thus richly gifted has been as richly cultivated. Ouida in her childhood must have poured over the pages of our old friend Florian, and have learnt to write in the ornate style of that follower of Fénelon. Perhaps among our readers there are not many who have read the romance of *Numa Pompilius*. Those who in their early days, when alone it is possible to read it, delighted in its heroic characters, will have pleasant recollections awakened, at the same time that they will be greatly amused, when, in a modern and somewhat sensational novel, they come across such a bit of writing as the following:—

It was Taric—a name of some terror came to their fierce souls.

Taric, the strongest and fleetest and most well-favoured of them all; Taric, who had slain the bull that all the matadors had failed to slay; Taric, who had torn up the young elm, when they needed a bridge over a flood, as easily as a child plucks up a weed; Taric, who had stopped the fiercest contrabandista in all those parts, and cut the man's throat with no more ado than a butcher slits a lamb's.

It is Florian all over, with the exception of an exquisite touch of modern vulgarity at the end. Astor, one of the heroes of *Numa Pompilius*, who, if he could not tear up trees, yet with a chain could bend down the tallest poplars, would never have cut a throat. He only drove the mighty spear through shield and breastplate into the brawny breast, or with flashing sword laid his fierce foe low in the dust. By the way, which author is guilty of the grosser exaggeration—Florian, who has poplars bowed, or Ouida, who has elms torn up? Did our author herself ever try to pull up a shrub? Let her set the strongest man she knows to tear up a well-rooted sapling, and see what he will make of it.

From Florian Ouida must have passed, we should imagine, to the political writings of Mr. Ruskin and the art criticisms of the *Morning Star*. With dramatic literature she cannot be altogether unacquainted, for she evidently owes much to Mr. Boucicault's school. By a constant and careful study of the best models in Mr. Swinburne and the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, she is able, with great evenness, to keep her sense, whenever she has any, diffused over a vast flood of words. With Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*, some book on Northern Mythology, and Murray's Guides to Brittany and Spain, her literary training may easily have been completed. She has a certain command over French, derived no doubt from Florian. She is perhaps rather too fond of displaying it, however, as when she says that "the weather towards the season of Noël became frightfully severe." By the way, we should be curious to learn how, in this intense frost, when "all around the mill was frozen and the swamped pastures were sheets of ice," when "the birds died by thousands in the open country," the avaricious old miller was still able to keep his water-mill at work. Ignorant as our author is of the nature of a miller's water-wheel, she is still more ignorant of his business. She has certainly made one step forward in political economy. She does not believe that it is the baker who fixes the price of bread. It is the miller who is the more contented the worse the harvest has been. The harvest had certainly been a very bad one, for apparently it could not be

* *Folle-Farine*. By Ouida, author of "Under Two Flags," "Puck," "Tricotrin," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1871.

described in intelligible language. Ouida perhaps thinks that the style should suit the subject, and that, when nature is portentous, an author's language should be no less so. If such is her principle, she has admirably succeeded, for we will defy any one by any ordinary method of interpretation to explain such a sentence as the following:—"The bare harvests of a district usually so opulent in the riches of the soil brought trouble and dearth in their train." To pass from grammar and political economy to the earliest ages of the world, we find our Biblical knowledge enlarged by two facts—Abel was killed when "praising God," and was killed by "the steel." Can Ouida be confusing Cain with his descendant Tubal Cain? though even he is scarcely supposed to have been "an instructor of every artificer" in steel as well as in brass and iron. On the facts of natural history also our author casts the light of a powerful imagination. She is extremely fond of illustrations and parables, and as her ignorance of natural history is all of a piece with her ignorance of Biblical history, political economy, language, and everything else, she is forced to trust to her imagination for her facts. Take, for instance, such a comparison as this:—"Many will love you, doubtless, as the wasp loves the peach that he kisses with his sting, and leaves rotten to drop from the stem." As for a wasp kissing a peach with his sting, that we do not object to. It is the highflown way of saying that he feeds on it with his mouth. But can Ouida be so miserably unacquainted with that blessed thing, a garden wall that faces the south, as to believe that after a wasp has fed on a peach it turns rotten and drops from the stem?

The wasp and the peach are dismissed in a line, but the spider and the moth fill a good many pages; and even if they are somewhat eccentric in their habits, and we may add in their reflections, still, as they give rise to some very fine writing, they should meet with indulgence. The moth really must have made a remarkable effort to be present on the occasion, for she came at the end of the hard frost, when "there was a sharp crisp coldness as of lingering frost," on "a dark night of earliest spring," when "the wild day had sobbed itself to sleep after a restless life with fitful breath of storm, and many sighs of shuddering breezes." Though the day had sobbed itself to sleep, still the wind blew hard; though it was early spring, still the leaves were driven "hither and thither in legions"; and though it was a dark night, there was "a faint crimson reflection from the glow of the setting sun," and "long tracks of blood-red light across one-half the heavens." In an old tower on this memorable night sat a man who "had genius in him, and had to die like a wolf on the Armorican wolds, yonder westward, when the snows of winter hid all offal from its fangs." Above him, "the symbol of the life which fattens on greed and gain"—

The spider sat aloft, sucking the juices from the fettered flies, teaching its spawn to prey and feed; content in squalor and in plentitude; in sensual sloth, and in the increase of its body and its hoard.

As there was needed "the symbol of the life which perishes of divine desire," a February moth had to be found. But here we should despair of doing justice to our author, and so will leave her to describe its entrance in her own words:—

Through the open casement there came on the rising wind of the storm, in the light of the last lingering sunbeam, a beautiful night-moth, begotten by some cruel hot-house heat in the bosom of some frail exiled tropical flower.

It swam in on trembling pinions, and alighted on the golden head of a gathered crocus that lay dying on the stones—a moth that should have been born to no world save that of the summer world of a Midsummer Night's Dream.

A shape of Ariel and Oberon; slender, silver, purple, roseate, lustrous-eyed, and gossamer-winged.

A creature of woodland waters, and blossoming forests; of the yellow chalices of kingcups and the white breasts of river lilies, of moonbeams that strayed through a summer world of shadows, and dew-drops that glistened in the deep folded hearts of roses. A creature to brush the dreaming eyes of a poet, to nestle on the bosom of a young girl sleeping; to float earthwards on a falling star, to slumber on a lotus leaf.

As there was a candle burning, the foolish moth of course went "floating to the flame, kissed it, quivered once, and died." The man who had genius in him, "as he watched the success of the spider, the death of the moth; trite as a fable; ever repeated as a tide of the sea," fell backwards senseless on the hearth. The spider alone preserved its composure, and "sat on high sucking the vitals of its prey, safe in its filth and darkness; looking down ever on the lifeless body on the hearth, and saying in its heart, 'Thou Fool!'" We wonder what the spider would have said if it had learnt to read and chanced to light upon *Folle-Farine*.

ROBY'S LATIN GRAMMAR.*

(Second Notice.)

THE first portion of Mr. Roby's Grammar is divided into three parts, treating respectively of Sounds, Inflections, and Word-Formation. We are glad to find that the second part is in process of printing, and may be expected to appear in a few months. Meanwhile there is plenty of matter to occupy the attention of readers in anticipation of the publication of the remainder. In the remarks we have already made upon the work we have confined

our attention to the subject of the first book, and in fact have scarcely travelled beyond that part of the preface which refers to Pronunciation. In our present notice we shall not proceed beyond the second book, which treats of inflections. Mr. Roby goes through the inflections of the different parts of speech in their proper order, beginning with nouns and ending with verbs. It consists of thirty chapters, the last fifteen of which are devoted entirely to the inflections of verbs. We will endeavour to give some account of his analysis of these inflections, which strikes us as being very clear and satisfactory. He says:—

The principles on which all verbs are inflected are the same. . . . The inflections for tense, mood, person, number, and voice are attached to the stem in the order now given. The forms of the present tense, indicative mood, singular number, active voice, are the simplest, and arise from the union of the stem and personal pronouns. All other parts of the verb contain modifications for tense, mood, number, and voice; and of these the modifications for tense and mood are made between the stem and person¹ pronoun, and the inflections for number and voice appended after them.

Thus *reg-er-e-m-us* is the first person plural active imperfect subjunctive of a verbal stem meaning *rule*. *Reg* is the stem, *er* denotes past time, *e* the mood of *thought* (instead of *fact*), *m* the speaker himself, *us* the action of others with the speaker. And if for *-us* we have *-ur*, the speaker and others are passive instead of active.

As to the inflections of person and number, there is sufficient uniformity in the different tenses of all the moods to render it certain that the suffixes which indicate the persons are respectively forms of the personal pronouns, although the *m* of the first person in the present tense indicative has disappeared in all cases excepting *sum* and *inquam*, and has dropped off altogether in the perfect indicative. The suffix of the second person is *s*, and the change of this letter in the Greek dialects, in the Attic and Doric forms *es* and *es*, is perhaps significant of some such interchange of the *s* and *t* in Latin. The *t* of the third person singular is undoubtedly, we think, the mark of a demonstrative pronoun; but we can scarcely follow Mr. Roby in his assertion that the *t* of the third person plural is probably the same as this, and he gives absolutely no suggestion as to the *n* which precedes it. But we admit we have no better explanation to give. Of the third person plural in the perfect, the form *erunt* is, as far as we know, at least as early as *erunt*. Mr. Roby states the fact that it is much more frequent in Livy than in Cicero and Caesar, but he omits to give, what we suppose is the true explanation of this anomaly, that Livy was frequently copying out the exact words of some earlier chronicle in verse. As regards the first person plural, marked in the active voice by *-us*, the probability seems to be that it is the same *s* which is used to mark the plural of nouns; but as to the supposition which Mr. Roby mentions, without however approving it, that the termination *-mus* arises from a combination of the first and the second, or the first and third persons, the first of these suggestions appears to us to be mere nonsense, and the other to rest upon very slight etymological foundation.

As to the persons in the passive voice, there is no doubt of the fact that the consonant *r* is characteristic of them all. Mr. Roby says:—"This *r* is generally considered to be a substitute for *s*, the proper passive inflexion being, as is supposed, the reflexive pronoun *se*."

As regards the second person plural, the suffix *-itis* contains the personal pronoun of the second person (*t*) and the syllable *-is*, which is a suffix of plurality. The *-im* of the passive voice presents much greater difficulties. Mr. Roby thinks it is probably a masculine plural participial form, and says:—

The Greek present passive participle is of the same form; namely, *-omenos* plural, *-omenoi*. Originally, perhaps, *estis* was used with it, as in the perfect passive (this form may have been resorted to because of the unpleasant forms which the course observed in forming the passive of other persons would have produced—*e.g.*, *regitis-er*, *amatis-er*, would become *regiterer*, *amaterer*; or, if the analogy of the second person singular were retained, *regiteris*, *amateris*, which would then have come to *regetris*, *amatris*; or *regiter*, *amater*, both of which forms look more like adjectives or adverbs than verbs).

We are not quite sure that this passage implies what we think we have noticed in other suggestions in this Grammar—an idea on the author's part that the formation of language is more of a conscious operation than an unconscious process of the tongue.

In writing an account of the theory of Inflections, a writer feels himself naturally bound to give some explanation of every inflexion, whether it be personal, modal, or of whatever kind. And we take for granted that Mr. Roby is not equally satisfied with all the suggestions that he has made, especially when, as in the instance we have just quoted, the theory does not proceed upon any one uniform principle. And it is but justice to the author to say that he does not at all attempt to dogmatize. What seems probable to himself he states as a probability; when two explanations are equally probable, he is content to give them both, and frequently does not even express his own preference for either. Of all the tense-formations, the account of the future indicative seems to us the least satisfactory. He appears to treat the future as if its normal condition were *regam*, *faciam*, *statuam*, *audiam*, the first person being identical with that of the same person of the present subjunctive. The substitution of *e* for *a* in the other persons is thus accounted for:—

This *e* probably arises from suffixing *i* (compare the Greek optative) to the present subjunctive of these verbs—*e.g.*, *regamus*, *reg-a-i-mus*, *regemus*; just as *amemus*, present subjunctive, was formed. But this formation would not do for *a*- and *e*-verbs; because in *a*-verbs such a form (*e.g.*, *animemus*) is already used for the present subjunctive; and in *e*-verbs, it (*e.g.*, *monemus*) would be identical with the present indicative. Accordingly, in *a*- and *e*-verbs there is a different mode of forming the future indicative—namely, by suffixing *ib* to the present stem, with the

* A Grammar of the Latin Language, from Plautus to Suetonius. By Henry John Roby, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Part I. containing:—Book I. Sounds; Book II. Inflections; Book III. Word-Formation; Appendices. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871.

final vowel of which it is contracted (e.g., *ama-*, *ama-lb-*, *amāb-*; first person plural, *am-ab-imus*, *mone-*, *mone-lb-*, *monēb-*; first person plural, *monēbim-*).

But surely the existence of such forms as *aperibo*, *largibere*, *adgredibor*, *opperibor*, *scibo*, &c., points to a theory of the future tense which has more uniformity about it—viz., the supposition that it originally contained the letter *b*, and gradually dropped it when the necessity of distinguishing the future from the imperfect was added to that of distinguishing them both from the present. The letter *b* seems to us to connect itself with the preposition *ab*, as denoting *not present*; with nouns denoting absence in point of space; with verbs, absence in point of time. And in process of time, whilst the imperfect tense kept always both the medial *b* and the final *m*, the first future indicative dropped in some cases the one letter, and in some cases the other. There is so much uncertainty in all these cases that we have the less hesitation in throwing out this suggestion, which, as far as we know, is altogether new. But that such a distinction was not foreign to the Latin language may be seen in the word *olim*, which is applied both to future and to past tenses alike, as distinguished from the present. Again, in the only case in Latin where the imperfect has not a *b*, it retains the *r*, as in the future, *eram*, *ero*.

The formation of the perfect tense, whether as regards its stem or its personal inflexions, presents considerable difficulties. First, as regards the persons, Mr. Roby says:—

In the perfect indicative the personal suffix *i* has dropped off altogether. The final *i* has another origin.

And then a reference is given to a section which treats of the tenses formed from the perfect stem, where he says:—

The perfect indicative has a suffix *-is*, which however is not found in the third person singular and the first person plural. . . . This suffix *-is* in the first person singular loses its *s*; in the third person plural, being followed by a vowel, changes to *-er*. The perfect infinitive is formed by the suffix *-is-se*. This is apparently composed of the suffix *-is*, just mentioned, and *-se* for *-esse*, as in the present infinitive. The great resemblance of these suffixes to the parts of the verb *sum* which are used to form the same tenses in the passive voice, suggests (and the suggestion has been generally adopted) that they are identical in origin.

As Mr. Roby observes, the perfect indicative and infinitive and pluperfect subjunctive seem to require the assumption of a long *i* being suffixed to the perfect stem before the respective parts of the verb *sum* were added. And no adequate account is given of the introduction of this long *i*. Altogether this theory of the formation of the tenses and their persons requires more elucidation, and Mr. Roby does not place any very implicit confidence in it when he observes that the resemblance to the parts of the verb *es-*, on which this theory rests, is in some degree deceptive, for it consists largely in personal and modal suffixes which even on another hypothesis might be expected to be the same. And the rest of the suffixes *is*, as has been seen in some tenses, but poorly eked out by the simple stem *es*.

On the matter of the variations of the perfect stem Mr. Roby is particularly unsatisfactory. He takes no notice of the Traditional Classification of verbs till he has concluded what he has to say on the perfect and supine stems. Now as these variations do to a certain extent follow the classification to which we have all been used of four conjugations, it would have conduced much to simplicity if they had been treated apart, especially as the five modes of forming the perfect stem are simply enumerated as facts, without the slightest attempt at explanation being given. They are as follows:—

1. Reduplication.
2. Lengthening the stem vowel.
3. Suffixing *-s*.
4. Suffixing either *-u* or *-v*.
5. Using the stem of the verb without change.

Now as a grammar, whether elementary or of a higher description, is meant either to teach facts or principles, or both, we demur to a departure from established usage in arrangement and classification, unless some manifest advantage is to be derived from it. And certainly, as far as the perfect stems are concerned, Mr. Roby has given us the barest enumeration of facts, unrelieved by any attempt at philosophical explanation. We shall recur to the subject in our next and concluding article, in which we hope to discuss Mr. Roby's Third Book on Word-Formation.

Meanwhile we must not part from the subject of Inflexions without reminding our readers that we have only just touched upon a very small part of Mr. Roby's work, and that there is much throughout the whole work to repay any one interested in philology. Indeed we do not remember having read any work on Grammar with so much interest and profit.

WILD MEN AND WILD SPORTS.*

WE feel a certain gratitude to the author of this book. What share of that feeling may be due to his literary merits shall be considered presently. He has, however, the merit of at least recalling to our minds the fact that there are still sports to be had which demand for their successful pursuit the manliness sometimes claimed on rather easy terms. During the controversy which raged some time ago as to the morality of field sports, thus much at least might be freely admitted by all parties to the dispute—namely, that certain sports implied in their devotees no

inconsiderable share of the courage, energy, and physical vigour, the cultivation of which is more than ever necessary. It was urged indeed that such qualities might be as effectually promoted by other means, and that therefore it was unnecessary to pursue them at the risk of blunting equally precious feelings by the slaughter of unoffending animals. So long, however, as the sports are really of the nobler order, the objection will seem to most people overstrained. Unluckily we have lately been called upon to contemplate a variety of sports which combine cruelty with effeminacy, and we have felt that there must be something radically wrong in an argument which would excuse the wretched performances at Hurlingham. The more discreet defenders of field sports should therefore be grateful to Colonel Gordon Cumming for proving that some part at least of their case rests upon a far stronger ground. Some extreme purists may object even to killing tigers, bears, and wild boars in sport; but if they disapprove, they at any rate cannot despise. Nor indeed can they deny that the true sportsman who rejoices in these nobler varieties of the pursuit is in many respects a very fine type of humanity, and one which we could ill afford to lose at the present day.

Colonel Gordon Cumming is evidently amongst the most accomplished of his class, although he has the merit—fortunately not a rare one—of a very pleasing freedom from anything like brag. He recounts his exploits so quietly that it requires a little reflection to perceive how much endurance, skill, and courage he must have displayed. And yet, as we turn over page after page, and read how one tiger after another falls a victim to his prowess, what risks he runs, and how certain appears to be his aim under all kinds of exciting conditions, we become gradually impressed with a profound respect for his abilities. At one moment we behold him sitting in a tree with a native, exposed to the spring of a gallant tiger, who succeeds in bringing down the unlucky Hindoo and inflicting a mortal wound upon him. At another we find him in the middle of a stream, assailed by an infuriated wild boar, whilst his sword snaps in his hand as he aims a desperate blow at his antagonist. On a third occasion he comes suddenly into contact with a couple of bears, and has the ill-luck to be in a position to appreciate the full force of a proverbial form of expression by depriving the she-bear of her cubs. The animal in fact took revenge by mauling the unlucky Colonel's arm as she might have done a cucumber, and his escape from death was only due to the gallantry of one of his native attendants. The Colonel seems to have taken the matter very coolly, and complains that, owing to this unlucky occurrence, he was prevented from resuming his sports for rather over two months. The next chapter gives incidentally a more amusing illustration of Colonel Cumming's view of life in general. The main duty of man appears to consist, according to him, though of course we must make allowance for the special design of his book, in carrying on a constant warfare against beasts of prey. Just as he is going about with his arm in a sling, the Indian mutiny breaks out. It was the fate of the Colonel to be at some distance from the more exciting incidents of the war. Still no one, and we may safely assume that Colonel Cumming less than any one, could be willing in those trying days to escape from some share in the terrible events that were being enacted. Accordingly we find that he has a certain amount of fighting to perform against wild men as well as against wild beasts. But in his book—and we cannot resist the impression that to some extent also in real life—he still appears as a mighty huntaman in the first place and a soldier in the second. He is driven from his station by rebels, but he keeps an eye upon the performances of a trap which he has built for panthers. He takes advantage of an official expedition to shoot a bear; he hunts down certain revolted Bheels, but on the way tries to pick up a tiger; even when pursuing Tania Topee during his long evasion of British power, he succeeds in bagging an alligator, though his military duties leave him little time for devotion to the chase; and as the last efforts of the rebels gradually expire, he turns with fresh ardour to the sport which has sometimes been called mimic war, though it would seem more in accordance with the style of our author to describe war as a bad imitation of hunting. The Sepoy, when once his chance was over, was apparently a less dangerous antagonist than the tiger, and certainly the pursuit appears to have been in this instance considerably less exciting.

We must add, to do Colonel Cumming justice, that the ardour with which he devoted himself to the slaughter of tigers seems to have been combined with that appreciation of the more romantic side of sport which is necessary to redeem it from a certain taint of stupidity. He seldom, it is true, indulges in a set description, but he seems to have been awake to the charms of wild scenery. He tells us, for example, that he enjoys night shooting, though he seldom made a bag; he liked "to hear the cries of the night birds, varied now and then by the peculiar chattering of hyenas, or the distant growl of a tiger"; and, though we admit that this brief notice might have been worked up more effectually by a practised hand, the fact that the gallant officer regarded the charms of scenery as more or less a compensation for diminished chances of sport must be put down in his favour. And yet we must confess that the interest of the book is scarcely what it might seem to the uninitiated. Colonel Cumming does not take a very elevated view of his profession—for so it must be called. He does not, for example, represent himself as an exterminator of dangerous animals for the benefit of the inhabitants. He has no claim to be a successor of those heroes who, in the dim ages of history, won

* *Wild Men and Wild Sports*. By Lieut.-Colonel Gordon Cumming. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1871.

eternal gratitude by the destruction of monstrous wild boars or all-devouring dragons. Indeed there is something comic in the disgust with which he regards the natural consequence of his labours. He laments pathetically that in one district he had nearly "cleared every tiger out of the country," and thereby injured future prospects of sport. He makes excuses, evidently rather against the grain, for a native who had avenged the slaughter of his cows by cruelly poisoning three tigers. He cannot seriously blame the man, and yet he manifestly feels towards him as an English country gentleman would feel to a farmer who had poisoned a fox. Can it be that the Indian Government will be soon invited to reverse its policy, and, instead of paying rewards for the destruction of tigers, be requested to take measures for preserving them? That Colonel Cumming should object to the needless slaughter of deer is highly creditable; but it is rather an effort to the profane outsider to realize the objections to slaying any number of tigers.

Colonel Cumming, again, does not elevate his pursuit by any particular interest in natural history. Occasionally we have an anecdote as to the manners and customs of the brute creation; as, for example, we have a really touching story of a bear which may be set beside Mr. Darwin's anecdote of the baboon facing death to preserve one of its weaker brethren. This bear was converted into a widower by Colonel Cumming's rifle, and, finding the body of the dear departed, carefully carried her off for a great distance, in order, so we are assured, to try to restore her to health in the retirement of the conjugal den. As it was, the only result of the poor bear's tenderness was that the skin of the deceased was preserved from all injury, so carefully had she been carried. As a rule, however, it is plain enough that the Colonel knows little and cares little about any animal unless it be a possible mark for a bullet, and cares only for those peculiarities of his game the knowledge of which will improve his chance of adding it to his bag.

Thus, in order to sympathize with Colonel Cumming, it is obvious that one must be a sportsman pure and simple, and other readers will probably find the record of his performances a little monotonous. There is, it appears, a religious sect in India of which the Colonel always speaks with extreme disgust. These wretched Bunneahs consider animal life as sacred, and naturally disapprove of sportsmen. So far they would be merely objects of contempt. It seems, however, that they sometimes press their zeal so far as to endeavour to interfere with sport; and one over-zealous person actually mounted a horse and tried to drive off some deer at which a friend of Colonel Cumming's was trying to get a shot. This friend, who was a man "of a gentle disposition and well-regulated mind," could hardly believe that the annoyance was intentional; but, on being satisfied that the native was guilty of this almost incredible offence, administered a thrashing with the tough bamboo of his hunting-spear. Colonel Cumming rejoices in this righteous retribution for what he calls an attempt to thrust your religious opinions upon others. We will not discuss this point of casuistry, though it is rather hard to see why, if one man may shoot a deer in defiance of his neighbour's prejudices, the neighbour may not frighten it away in defence of them; but we quote the anecdote by way of introducing the remark that though we are not Bunneahs, and do not share their creed, we fancy that their dislike to the slaughter of beasts would be rather increased by such a book as this. In fact, it reminds us a little too much of the very similar record of the Colonel's namesake in Africa. The incessant repetition of accounts of the killing of tigers and bears becomes wearisome after a time. One narrative is so remarkably like another that we lose our interest. On one occasion the Colonel is in a tree, and at another on an elephant; the tiger may be in a nullah, or under a bush, or in a cave; he may be hit by one bullet or half-a-dozen; but these bare facts cease to be much more interesting than a table of statistics; and indeed we fancy that the whole book might as well have been reduced to a tabulated form. If the first column gave the date, the second the place, the third the number of shots, the fourth the size of the tiger, and so on, it might have been packed into three or four pages instead of three or four hundred, and it would have come to pretty much the same thing. In short, the Colonel has not the literary skill which sometimes makes such books very pretty reading by the help of a judicious selection of incidents and intermixture of description. It is rather the dry bones of which a book should be composed than a book itself. The Colonel, indeed, confesses so frankly to his want of literary experience that we would not be severe upon him; but our duty as critics compels us to state that all readers but those likeminded with himself may well content themselves with skimming his pages very rapidly, reading a striking bit or two, and looking at some spirited drawings by which it is illustrated.

TWO NORTHERN STORIES.*

ONE of the special charms of Northern fiction is the quaint blending, characteristic of most of the writers known to us, of the simplest realism with idealism and romance. The people

are as we see them on the quays of the little fishing towns, on the green pastures of the fjells, on the deep blue waters of the fjords; but they are redeemed from commonplaceness by the tenderness and fidelity with which their sorrows, their aspirations, and their faults are portrayed. They are human, not monstrosities of crime and passion; men and women of real life, not Guy Livingstones or Lady Audleys. The *Fisher Girl* especially represents this class of literature. Nothing can be more homely than the actors of the little drama, yet they are presented with such simplicity and naturalness that we forget the want of dignity noticeable in many parts of the work, and even forgive the inartistic puerilities which are not infrequent; as for example, Peter Ohlsen's method of punishing his wife and her little son Pedro; which last, we are told, with the odd literalness of country humour,

was not scolded, nor thrashed as the father had been, but he was pinched. It was done very quietly, and with a kindness one might almost call polite, but it was done on every possible occasion. Every night when she undressed him, the mother counted the blue and yellow marks, and kissed them, but still offered no resistance, for she was pinched herself.

The three generations of Ohlsen—Peer, Peter, and Pedro—are purely local in their humour. "Well esteemed" Peer Olsen, the founder of the single-son family such as it is, playing "spring dances" and wedding marches behind the little shop where he sold, among other things, brandy and beer, is resolved that his only son Peter shall be educated at the Latin school, where the better-born boys will not have him; but the father thrashes him back to the comrades who reject him, and finally thrashes him into a mere calculating machine—selfish, dry, spasmodic, a man whose highest ambition, after the extension of his business, is to call himself Ohlsen and his son Pedro. But when Peter had got Pedro, he did not know what to do with him save pinch him. Pedro had no taste for business, only an ear for music; wherefore to Peter he was as a mistake all through. Between fear of his father and suppression, out of love, by his mother, he was subdued into a nonentity. He had no strength or courage; he cried if other boys touched him, and "begged them not to spoil his clothes, so they called him 'withered stick!' and took no more notice of him." "He was like a weak, featherless duckling, limping after the rest, and waddling to one side with the little bit he could catch for himself; nobody shared with him, and he shared with nobody." His grandfather, who might have helped him, because of their common sympathy for music, was dead; and his death is told with the true dry humour of the North:—

When worthy Peer Olsen became a grandfather, he felt an inward calling to grow old. Therefore he left the business to his son, sat outside upon a bench, and smoked twist tobacco from a short pipe; and when one day he began to grow tired of sitting there, he wished he might soon die, and even as all his wishes had quietly been fulfilled, so also was this.

The only one who took pity on Pedro was Gunlaug, the first Fisher-girl, whom he was never tired of looking at. "She had raven black hair, all in one curl, that was never combed except with the fingers; she had deep blue eyes, short brow; the expression of her face acted simultaneously." Strong and devoted, needing to care for something weaker than herself, yet full of angry passion when roused, if also touched with the softness of sentiment, Gunlaug loved the delicate boy as a boy, and she carried her love into the imagination of womanhood; but when he opposed to her direct offer, or rather demand of marriage, merely, "What would people say?"—what would people say if he, the son and heir of a well-to-do grocer, married the rough-headed, uneducated Fisher-girl—then she understood all his cowardice and selfishness, which until now she had not seen, because she would not see it. Whereupon she lifted him up with both hands and thrashed him soundly; then rowed straight back to town and went direct over the mountains. And so ended Pedro Ohlsen's first and last attempt at manhood and romance. Nine years after Gunlaug comes back to the town, bringing her little daughter of eight, "just like herself formerly, and as if veiled by a dream," and to Petra is passed the appellation "Fisher-girl," which the mother had borne before her.

There is something exceedingly charming in the painting of this second boyish, curly-headed, neglected Fisher-girl. One feels all throughout, from her first escapade where she and "some other boys" sally forth to rob Pedro Ohlsen's orchard, to the last where she knots up a rope-ladder to play Romeo and Juliet by herself, that she has the material of which a noble creature could be made, if only she might fall into good hands. And yet when she does fall into good hands, she is guilty of such mean and unnecessary deceptions that we can scarcely understand how to rank her. All through, alike in the dawning and the meridian of her great love for Hans Odegaard, she deceives him, as she deceives her mother. This last is more comprehensible, for Gunlaug's temper was none of the mildest, and her fist seems to have been the ready executor of her wrath; but why she did not take heart of grace and confess her first small sin to Odegaard, or rather confess Pedro Ohlsen's gift before it became a sin, is not so intelligible. More especially as in the scene where, with her dark hair flying "behind her like a terror"—the dog following howling—she rushes from Pedro and his orchard and his gun, and tumbles into her mother's soup, it is stated that "she never dared tell anything but the truth." And, in fact, in answer to Gunlaug's passionate query, "Who'll shoot you, you rascal?" she answers, "Pedro Ohlsen, we took apples from him." The gradual progress of the love affair between the master and his turbulent scholar, as it passes from simple pity on the one side and awe-struck reverence on the other to admiration, to passion, and

* *The Fisher Girl*. By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Sivert and Elizabeth Hjerleid (translators of "Ovind"). London: Trübner & Co.

The Nomads of the North: a Tale of Lapland. Translated from the Swedish by J. Lovel Hadwen. London: Tinsley Brothers.

to love, is very truthfully and tenderly described. But though the curly-headed "rascal" is horribly to blame when she beguiles honest clumsy Gunnar, and lets herself be beguiled by Yngve Vold, the light-haired young man with the light hat and the light laugh, all the while loving Hans Odegaard and meaning nothing serious by either of the others, yet her punishment was surely excessive. Also the motive of her levity is scarcely sufficiently defined. If it was only her histrionic talent in disguise, this might have been made more evident. As it is, it seems to be simple want of truth and purpose, which is scarcely what one admires in a heroine of Petra's stamp.

The ending of the *Fisher Girl* may be as real, according to the manners and modes of thought of the people it represents, but it is not so interesting nor so artistic, as the rest. All that long prosy discussion on the lawfulness of music is sadly out of place, and profoundly wearisome to read. It was all very well to show the dilemma of the pious dean, who from the first had a feeling against harbouring such a strange waif as Petra, when he finds that he has been harbouring one who had not only disgraced herself in her native town, but who, designing to become that accursed thing an actress, had been all this time taking a deceitful advantage of his house and gifts to perfect herself in her diabolical calling. But the dilemma might have been given with more dramatic power, and the deputation of his aggrieved and strait-laced parishioners stated to more advantage. It is, however, the only dull part in the story; and doubtless it answers some good purpose with the public for whom the tale was originally written. We cannot conclude our notice without a word of praise to the translators, who, if they have not always rendered a local expression by its equivalent in good idiomatic English, have always given the colour of the original. The slightly foreign cast of the diction helps indeed rather than hinders. It is English, but English with a difference, and so suits the tale better than if it had been faultless in its classical propriety; and, as it is seldom more than a flavour, it does not broaden into an intrusive reminder, or become an intellectual annoyance.

The *Nomads of the North* is exactly what the *Fisher Girl* is not; it is a romance, while the other is a picture of real life; for we cannot accept the character of Lanni as having any ethnological value, and there is too little purely local colouring to make the book of worth as a descriptive history. Lanni is the ideal man, whether you call him Greek or Lap, Huron or Crusader, the man absolutely faithful, unselfish, fearless, and noble; as the savage Kumpi is simply the savage, the outcast, the felon, whether he has served his time at the galleys as a Christian in a Christian land, or steals down at night as a howling Indian to tomahawk a family of unoffending Palefaces in a Californian ranch. To be sure there are two or three little bits which are distinctive and local; as when Anund, the young son of this old reindeer thief Kumpi, the "head wolf" or robber, is taken to the hut of Unnas and the disgusting old Lap wife wants to drive him out again till her husband beats her into due subjection; when Unnas and Kaddek betroth their son and daughter, without the young people's knowledge or consent, each appraised at so much, and each father trying to get the best of the bargain by vaunting the wealth and possessions of the other; and when Lanni and his "sea" of reindeer move away from their pastures. These and a few other points are ethnologically true, but the book is too much a set panegyric on the noble savage to be natural or spontaneous. Indeed Lanni is so superior to the common failings of humanity that it is almost a relief when he commits a murder as any ordinary person might have done; if, indeed, it could be called murder where Huljo, the returned convict, began the fray, with the design of murdering Lanni. It is scarcely reassuring, so far as the police of the district is concerned, to find that Lanni gets into no trouble for his deed, and that Huljo passes out of existence without a remark from any one.

The love of Lanni for Beata, or, as she is called in Lap language, Velkog the Lily, is very tenderly indicated; but it is left a little doubtful whether she loves him in return or not. She marries a good Swedish husband, as becomes the daughter of the clergyman, called "Grandfather" in the native tongue; but what with her tears and her blushes, her glance that "shot like lightning across Lanni's eyes when they encountered it," and various other small signs, it is difficult to understand whether, when she gave her hand to the Swede, she had not already given part of her heart to the Lap. It might mean only friendliness, but it reads something too much like love. Very different from the delicate half-tones of Lanni's respectful worship of the Lily is the frank and natural affection of the girl Ristin, the daughter of Unnas and his old mole-like wife, for Anund, the son of the "head wolf" and outcast Kumpi. From the first it was evident that Ristin was destined to love Anund, savage of the savages as he was, and though she was the daughter of one of the wealthiest of the Laps, and the sister of Lanni, who owned a great sea of reindeer, who had been educated at "Grandfather's," and who loved "Grandfather's" daughter. But though in absolutely natural life women show their preferences as openly as men, we were scarcely prepared for Ristin's decisive step of running after Anund, who himself was running away. The scene of their peril when crossing the ice-cold stream is spiritedly told; but it is a pity that the translation has dealt in such ponderous words and such mighty fine English. "When the weight of the superincumbent ice-mass has forced air into its internal vacuities, which are formed after the evaporating snow-water," is like nothing so much as the famous poem which began with "When

Sol's perpendicular rays." However, the story is a pretty little story enough; and if not equal in photographic clearness and true simplicity to many others, it comes as a pleasant diversion amongst the sensational garbage which we are obliged to wade through in the exercise of our calling; and, if less than great as a work of art, it is also less than vicious on the score of morality.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is of course impossible as yet to write the history of the Paris Commune, but documents for the purpose are daily accumulating, and there will be no lack of materials for the modern Sallust who will at some future time lay before us an account of the social outbreak of 1871. M. Delion's contribution to these *mémoires justificatifs* is a series of biographical chapters*, arranged under different heads according as the persons described were (1) members of the Commune, (2) members of the Central Committee, (3) soldiers, (4) journalists, or (5) public functionaries. It must be very difficult in a volume of about 440 pages to characterize in detail nearly two hundred persons, and, to say the truth, most of them deserve little beyond the bare mention of their names; but Félix Pyat and Courbet are exceptions, and one would like to know something more about the author of the *Deux Serruriers* and the realistic painter who exhibited a year ago the notorious "Femme au Perroquet." Without admiring either Courbet or Félix Pyat, we feel bound to separate them from the incogniti of every kind whose sketches appear in M. Delion's volume.

M. Oscar Testut's work, *L'Internationale*†, was published for the first time exactly a year before the Communal rebellion, and at a time when very few persons indeed suspected that the relations between capital and labour would serve as a pretext for one of the most ferocious revolutions that France has ever seen. It is certainly the best source of information we possess on this important subject, because it is simply the reprint of original and trustworthy documents which compel the International Association to tell its own history. M. Testut had the merit of showing in 1870 that whilst the Socialists pretended merely to settle the question of wages, and to better the condition of the working classes, their real aim was to destroy the very foundations of society, and to annihilate the bourgeoisie. The results of the meetings held at Geneva, Lausanne, Brussels, and Bâle are given, the various resolutions put to the vote are enumerated, and the volume concludes with a statement of the present situation of the International Society, followed by a great number of illustrative *pièces justificatives*.

Whilst denouncing in the plainest language the crimes of the Communists, M. Philibert Audebrand wishes to be strictly impartial‡, and he endeavours to show that the French bourgeoisie has much to answer for just now; the question of pauperism has never received the attention it deserves, and if the various Governments which have ruled over France for the last fifty years had been a little more careful about the condition of the working classes, the cataclysm of March 18th could not have occurred. Let us, he says, encourage emigration, let us transform workmen into agriculturists, and point out to industrious artisans the rich fields of Algeria and Cochinchina—such is the best way of putting an end to the social crisis from which we are all suffering. Then, when everything has been done for the real good of the working classes, and we have shown that we have their interests at heart as well as our own, let us stamp out at once and destroy for ever the *enfants perdus* whose aim is to overturn society in the name of humanity.

M. Gesner Rafina is preparing a minute narrative of the movement attempted in Paris by the friends of order against the Commune; in the meanwhile he publishes a curious letter on the subject addressed to Colonel de Beaufond by M. de Laroque.§ The facts described in this small pamphlet show what we already were aware of—namely, that the pusillanimous citizens of Paris were saved from complete destruction almost in spite of themselves, and that the smallest amount of energy on their part would have prevented the horrors which took place during the month of May. M. Rafina's brochure is another damning piece of evidence against the National Guard—an institution always useless, generally dangerous, and which has invariably connived at the efforts made to crush every kind of Government.

The history of newspaper literature is now, thanks to M. Maillard, supplemented with one of the most interesting chapters possible.|| Under the Republican Government established immediately after the 4th of September the periodical press became extraordinarily active; French journalists seemed possessed by a sort of fever, and every adventurer who had some political nostrum to recommend, some hatred to satisfy, some victim to denounce, at once started a newspaper. M. Maillard's list includes no less than two hundred and eighty-two prints, some of which, however, had only a very ephemeral existence; one number, two perhaps, lithographed on shocking paper with a woodcut at the

* *Les Membres de la Commune et du Comité central.* Par Paul Delion. Paris: Lemesle.

† *L'Internationale.* Par Oscar Testut. 7th edition. Paris: Lachaud.

‡ *Histoire intime de la Révolution du 18 mars.* Par Philibert Audebrand. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Une Mission secrète à Paris pendant la Commune.* Par Gesner Rafina. Paris: Dentu.

|| *Histoire des Journaux publiés à Paris pendant le Siège et sous la Commune.* Par Firmin Maillard. Paris: Dentu.

beginning, and then a sudden collapse; for the gentlemen of Belleville wanted something spicy, and if the *réducteur en chef* of the new periodical could not at least prove himself by his cynicism equal to the Père Duchêne, it was no use his expecting to find readers. The volume before us is little more than a bibliographical list, with here and there a few extracts; but it is a book which deserves to be read, and it forms an excellent appendix to M. Hatin's *Histoire de la Presse en France*.

M. de Pressensé, lately elected a member of the National Assembly,* is chiefly known to English readers as one of the ablest representatives of the modern theological school in France; he has now taken up his position in politics on the side of those who believe in the power of Republican institutions, and he aims at convincing Europe that these institutions alone can save his country from another catastrophe. M. de Pressensé shows by what means the Communal movement was organized. It had for a long time been preparing under the direction of leaders very far superior in ability to the old Jacobin conspirators. The affair of the cannon offered to the Government by the National Guard, and then claimed back under the pretext of keeping them against the Prussians, was an opportunity of which the chiefs of the populace skilfully availed themselves, and the thorough demoralization of the Paris bourgeoisie rendered the task an extremely easy one. M. de Pressensé has no difficulty in proving that the question of wages *versus* capital was for the members of the International Association nothing but a pretext; and this is still the case, for the programme of that Society is now what it was a year ago—namely, to remove the very foundations upon which the moral world has rested ever since morality and responsibility have had any significance. There are, no doubt, many reforms which must be accomplished, and many social wounds which require healing; the great thing to be done therefore is to bring about these reforms so speedily, to heal these wounds so completely, that destructive agitators shall not have any excuse left for carrying out their designs.

M. Antoine de Latour's excellent translation of Calderon's dramatic works † brings us out of the sphere of what our neighbours call *actualités*. It forms part of a series which we have already more than once mentioned, and which is now reaching very respectable proportions. No scholar was better fitted to interpret Calderon for the benefit of Frenchmen than M. Antoine de Latour. He has made a most judicious choice from the works of the Spanish poet, and he gives us besides in his preface a remarkable critical appreciation of the author, his style, and his rank as a representative of dramatic literature. One more volume will complete the task so well undertaken by M. de Latour.

The course of lectures on German Literature which M. Bossert has delivered at the Sorbonne deserved to be published, and we are glad to be able to announce the first instalment of them ‡; it comprises the mediæval period and the origin of the German epic. M. Bossert studies the intellectual history of the Teutonic races with the help of the light which political events supply; he shows, for instance, how the same causes, modified by different national characteristics, produced in France the *Chanson de Roland*, whilst on the eastern side of the Rhine they resulted in the *Nibelungenlied*. Heroic poetry, chivalric poetry, poetry of the middle classes (*poésie bourgeoise*)—such are the three heads under which the learned Professor discusses the subject he has chosen; and in a series of twenty chapters he examines all the leading compositions which belong to mediæval Germany. It is extremely curious to see how the story of Charlemagne and the legend of the Saint-Grail were treated out of the countries generally regarded as their own; the various cycles of Reynard the Fox are also reviewed in detail; and M. Bossert explains by what steps the poems in which wolves, lambs, lions, &c. appear as *dramatis personæ* gradually developed themselves into those voluminous mock epics where the triumph of cunning and trickery over mere brute force is held up to the admiration of the multitude.

Encouraged by the success of her biographical sketch of Beethoven, Madame Audley has now given us a companion volume on Franz Schubert.§ For a long time little was known about the life of the celebrated *maestro* to whom the musical world is indebted for so many delightful compositions. In 1842 the Viennese Philip Neumann began to collect materials which he purposed making into a biography; Franz Liszt, on his side, had thought of utilizing some notes supplied to him by Anselm Hüttenbrenner; finally, Franz Flatz and Ferdinand Luib, also of Vienna, set to work upon the same task; but two of Schubert's most intimate friends, Bauernfeld and Schöbel, having declared that the artist's life was not sufficiently interesting to be brought under the notice of the world at large, all attempts to write the projected biography were for a time suspended. At a later period, however, Dr. Kreisze von Hellborn determined upon appealing against this verdict, and he published a volume of 600 pages, from which Madame Audley has derived most of the information contained in her own work. The musical reader will be glad to find printed here, by way of appendix, a catalogue of all Schubert's productions.

* *Les Leçons du 18 Mars, les Faits et les Idées*. Par Ed. de Pressensé. Paris: Lévy.

† *Œuvres dramatiques de Calderon*. Traduction de M. Antoine de Latour. Paris: Didier.

‡ *La Littérature allemande au Moyen-Âge*. Par A. Bossert. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Franz Schubert, sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. Par Madame Audley. Paris: Didier.

The fifth volume of M. Sainte-Beuve's *Portraits contemporains** completes the reprint of a work which includes some of the critic's best articles. The expression "très-augmentée" placed on the title-page is by no means applicable to this concluding series; for, with the exception of a short note by the late Duke Pasquier, we have merely a verbatim reproduction of the text as M. Didier published it twenty years ago. It seems strange that whereas the first three volumes of this new edition contained a number of supplemental notes which threw a great deal of curious light upon M. Sainte-Beuve's illustrious fellow-littérateurs, those notes should have ceased altogether so suddenly. Did the publishers feel some qualms of conscience at finding with what *sans-façon* the author of *Joseph Delorme* could treat those whom he praised in the columns of the *Moniteur* or the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*? We hope that, all due regard being paid to the claims of courtesy and propriety, we shall soon see M. Sainte-Beuve's literary remains appear in a form worthy of him who, after all, must be considered as one of the most accomplished critics whom the French literature of the nineteenth century can boast of.

M. Eugène de Mircourt's *Marquise de Courcelles*† is a sequel to the novel entitled *Comment les Femmes se perdent* which appeared some time ago. It would have been far better to leave alone the life of that abandoned woman, rich as it is in themes for the votaries of sensational romances; at any rate, the original memoirs of the Marchioness herself are considerably superior in point of style to M. de Mircourt's spun-out novel; and the reader who wants to know something about the *demi-monde* of the age of Louis XIV. may be contented to consult them as they are published in the late M. Jannet's *Bibliothèque élzévirienne*.

M. Camille Rousset, after having described the volunteers of 1792, devotes a separate volume to the *levée en masse* of 1813.‡ This new episode detached from the history of a former generation, and written by an author who has had at his disposal all the official documents preserved at the French War Office, contains an additional proof of the position which M. Rousset had taken in his previous monograph—to wit, that armies cannot be extemporized, and that large agglomerations of troops are not necessarily serviceable for real warfare. With reference to military institutions as well as everything else, the revolutionists of 1793 aimed at making a complete *tabula rasa*. Laws, rules, traditions, usages, examples—they suppressed all the vestiges of the past, and sincerely believed that the democratic *furor* could stand in lieu of what their madness condemned as obsolete. Vainly did defeat upon defeat prove the absurdity of their illusions; they persisted in turning a deaf ear to the lessons of experience, and they created a legend upon which the historians of the Revolution have been living ever since. It was exactly the same with Napoleon; after the catastrophe of 1812, obliged to defend France with armies hastily called together and consisting of mere boys, he found that all his genius could not make up for want of training, and the battle of Leipzig proved in the most conclusive manner the folly of supposing that patriotic enthusiasm could obtain the mastery over science and discipline.

The biography of General Cavaignac which M. Auguste Deschamps has written in two duodecimo volumes§ is an apology for the Republican form of government, as well as a contribution to the history of France during the last twenty years. The author has very often the disagreeable task of justifying what cannot be justified, and he has to answer in a deplorably lame manner objections which cannot be refuted. For instance, the Republicans, at least on the other side of the Channel, have frequently been accused of holding liberty very cheap as soon as they are at the helm, and of establishing a dictatorship the better to get rid of kings. The reproach seems to us perfectly deserved, and it is silly to say by way of answer, as M. Deschamps does, that no Republican Government has yet been regularly established in France. A form of Government which professedly rests on a sort of divine right of its own irrespectively of the popular will is from its very nature hostile to liberty; and it is certainly not for the admirers of Robespierre to deny that the *beau idéal* of a democratic Government is the caprice of one man backed by an army of ignorant fanatics keeping the whole community in a state of abject terror.

The Memoirs of Rufin Piotrowski, translated from the Polish language into French, || are a curious specimen of a class of works which is now rather important. We mean what the Poles themselves call *la littérature déportée*—narratives describing the adventures of exiles who, condemned to be transported to Siberia, manage, in spite of every difficulty, to find their way home again. M. Piotrowski, like many of his brave and unfortunate fellow-patriots, had not counted the cost of his undertaking, nor did he form any adequate idea of the dangers with which he had to cope. Let us add, however, that his political programme contained none of the hateful doctrines so common amongst the revolutionists of our day; a spirit of religious earnestness breathes through his book, and in this respect the *Souvenirs d'un Sibérien* form a most striking contrast to the violent effusions of the ordinary run of demagogues.

* *Portraits contemporains*. Par C. A. Sainte-Beuve, de l'Académie Française. Vol. 5. Paris: Lévy.

† *La Marquise de Courcelles*. Par Eugène de Mircourt. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *La Grande Armée de 1813*. Par Camille Rousset. Paris: Didier.

§ *Eugène Cavaignac*. Par Auguste Deschamps. Paris: Lacroix.

|| *Souvenir d'un Sibérien, extraits des Mémoires de Rufin Piotrowski*. Traduits du Polonais. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

M. de Quatrefages has just reprinted, in the shape of a pamphlet, an article contributed by him to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which excited much curiosity when it first appeared. It is entitled *La Race prussienne*, and the argument developed by the author may be briefly stated as follows:—The populations of the really Prussian provinces of Germany—that is to say, the two Prussias properly so called, Brandenburg and Pomerania—are essentially of Finno-Slavonic origin. The German element, more or less mixed with others, is to be found only in the higher classes and the *bourgeoisie* of certain towns. The case is totally different in the Western and Southern provinces of Germany; there the Aryan element prevails, and the Slavonic races never obtained a permanent footing. In vain does the identity of language throw a veil over these glaring discrepancies; they exist, and cannot be obliterated. M. de Quatrefages goes on to argue that the Germans have committed a great mistake, even from the simply utilitarian point of view, in endorsing the antipathies and passions of the Finno-Slavonians, and he points out the dangers which, in his opinion, their temporary triumph cannot fail to create on the side of Russia.

Our list of scientific works for this month includes a number of valuable productions of a more or less popular kind. M. Baillon's excellent *Histoire des Plantes*† is steadily going on, and the first two *livraisons* of the third volume are now before us; they are done with the author's usual care, and illustrated with numerous woodcuts.

Under the title of *Les Phénomènes terrestres*‡ M. Élisée Reclus has published a *résumé* of his large octavo *La Terre*, condensing into a few pages all the important facts which the humblest artisan ought to know respecting the formation and constitution of our planet. He adds some useful cuts, and an analytical index which brings together in a convenient shape the principal details.

The insect world will always be a most attractive subject for persons who begin the study of natural history. Nothing can be imagined more wonderful than the instincts, the works, the skill, the ingenuity, of insects.§ They seem often to act under the sway of the same passions which excite mankind, and the combinations they adopt in order to secure either their own preservation or that of their species show an extraordinary amount of intelligence. M. Victor Rendu, starting from this fact, has described in a very pleasant manner the habits, the development, and the appearance of the most common insects; he has especially dwelt upon the providential side of the science of entomology, and his endeavour has been to popularize the works of Swammerdam, Réaumur, and Huber. Forty-nine engravings illustrate this fresh instalment of the *Bibliothèque Rose*.

M. Jules Duval's *Notre Planète*|| is something more than an abridgment of the innumerable treatises of geography, geology, and mineralogy which have appeared during the last few years. Being editor of the newspaper *L'Economiste Français*, he has aimed principally at considering the formation of the globe and the distribution of the various families of men on its surface in connexion with the problems of political economy. Questions of anthropological science also receive a considerable share of notice in M. Duval's volume.

One of the faults of M. Louis Figuier's new volume is its sensational title¶; the book itself is written with the laudable design of protesting against the invasion of materialist doctrines by which society is threatened, and which, on the other side of the Channel, have already done so much harm. "Ce n'est pas le pétrole," says M. Figuier, "qui a mis le feu aux monuments de Paris; c'est le matérialisme." He therefore takes up his pen and applies himself to the task of demonstrating scientifically the truth of spiritualist doctrines. As a starting point he adopts the theory of the Montpellier medical school on the constitution of man. All the planets, he says, have the same habitable conditions as the earth, and therefore they are all inhabited; after death we are transformed into superhuman beings, and we pass through a series of existences each more perfect than the preceding one, and constituting a kind of hierarchy which at last qualifies us for communion with God. The sun, continues M. Figuier, is to be the final abode of all the blessed, and the rays of the sun are merely the emanations of disembodied spirits which have already reached to a state of perfection. It is due to the author of these queer theories to add that M. Figuier founds upon them rules for conduct in everyday life which are of the most unexceptionable character.

* *La Race prussienne*. Par Ch. de Quatrefages, membre de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette & Co.

† *Histoire des Plantes*. *Monographie des Ménispermacées et des Berbéridacées*; *Monographie des Nymphaeacées*. Par H. Baillon. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Les Phénomènes terrestres: les Continents*. Par Élisée Reclus. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Mœurs pittoresques des Insectes*. Par Victor Rendu. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

|| *Notre Planète*. Par Jules Duval. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Le Lendemain de la Mort*. Par Louis Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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